

In this Issue: **We butcher EMINEM & SCRUBS**

MAD

I visited
**grand
theft
auto**

Vice city

...and all I got
was my head
cut off!

UNITED STATES

#426 FEBRUARY 2003 \$3.50 CHEAP!



02>

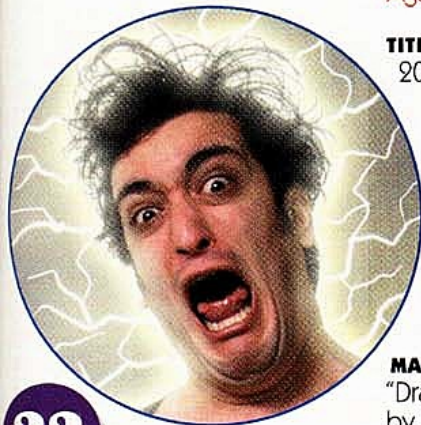


20

It used to be that after years of service, your company would give you a gold watch. Now you're lucky if they give you the time of day!



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MAD

FEBRUARY 2003

NUMBER 426

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FRONT COVER ARTIST:
JAMES KIRKLAND



ET TU, BRUTAL?

Editionem quadringenti viginti tres legi, et mendum inveni. In articulo "MAD Deconstructs TV Talk Shows: This Month: Late Show with David Letterman" "sequitur" ridiculum Latine significare dixistis. Erratis, "sequitur" follows Anglice significat. locus non sequitur, et ridiculus non est, sed iocus quod ridiculus non est "non sequitur" non est.

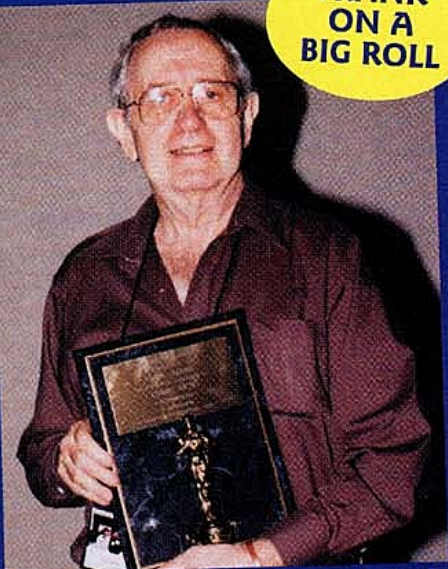
TRANSLATION OF THE LETTER IN LATIN PRINTED ABOVE:

I read MAD #423 and I found an error. You stated that "sequitur" is Latin for "funny" in the article "MAD Deconstructs TV Talk Shows: This Month: Late Show with David Letterman." The word "sequitur" in English means, "follows." The joke does not follow, and it is not funny, but the joke is not a non-sequitur just because it is non-funny.

John White, Hampden, ME

Johnny Be Good — If Caesar were alive today, he would stab YOU in the back! Beware the Ides of MAD! —Ed-ay.

FRANK ON A BIG ROLL



Long-time MAD contributor Frank Jacobs received the super-highly-coveted 2002 Eisner Award at this year's San Diego Comics Convention. Choking back tears, Frank thanked the members of the audience, the people who voted for him and his co-workers at MAD. Later in the day, it is rumored he put the furshlugginer award up on eBay! Congrats, Frank!

Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

I am writing to the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™* because I have a dumb wish to make. I have been living in North Carolina my whole life and besides having the best college basketball team ever (Duke), North Carolina just kinda sucks. No one really knows about it. It's not stupid enough to be made fun of regularly like Wyoming, and this surprises me, because it's full of hicks, who are pretty funny critters. So my dumb wish is for you to make fun of the not-so-great state North Carolina.

Signe Waldbauer, Durham, NC

Le Signe -- As you know, it is the mission of the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™* to make dumb wishes come true. Therefore, it is particularly disheartening to turn down your request. The citizens of North Carolina sent right-wing bozo Jesse Helms to the Senate five times and have now replaced him with Bob "I shill for Viagra" Dole's wife, Elizabeth. It is clear that the people in the great state of North Carolina are more than capable of making fun of themselves! —Ed.

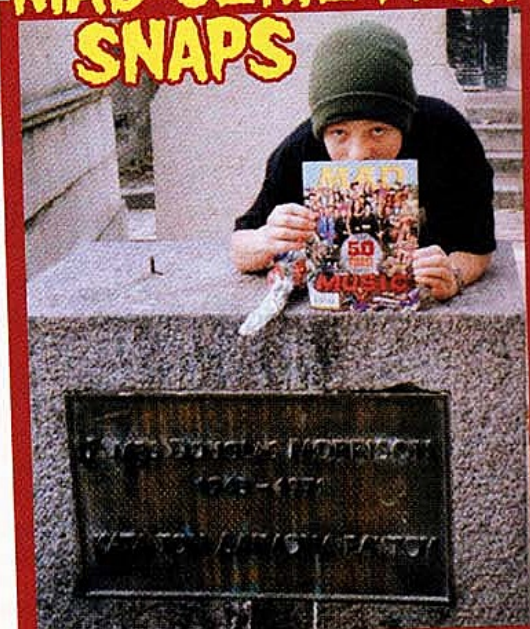


MONROE AND... NOMENCLATURE

Back in MAD #422, we asked (or begged) readers to send in their suggestions for Monroe's last name. We received thousands (OK, a handful) — here are a few of the best. Look for the judges' decision on an upcoming Letters Page!

Flarp — Parker Anderson, Prescott, AZ
Youngfellow — Sam Draudt, Grafton, OH
Dingfelder — Andrew Kowalewski, Derby, NY
Fillmore — Branden Huztable, Kent, WA
Schwarzenloser — Michael O'Connor, Germantown, MD
Maggot — Laura Pearlstein, Stoughton, MA
Burpenheimer — Willie Casiano, Bronx, NY
Montefusco — Roxy Guarino, Metuchen, NJ
Wimpton — Chuck Bucsanyi, Whiting, IN
McTague — Adria Hampton, Memphis, TN
Shocks — Edwin Isley, Columbus, OH
Kaputnik — Robert Foster, Eugene, OR
Monroe — David Monroe, Alberta, Canada/Randy Gizara, San Diego, CA
Dinkelmire — Jon Holliday, Escondido, CA
McClelland — Darryl Gonzalez, Severn, MD
Lauren Zupkus, Ocean Township, NJ
Jonathan Yeakey, Colombia, MO
Eric Swotinsky, Sudbury, MA

MAD CEMETERY SNAPS



This month's Cemetery Snap comes all the way from jolly ol' England from Henry Kingston of Twickenham. His picture of himself besmirching the grave of rock legend and lead singer of The Doors, Jim Morrison, in Pere-Lachaise Cemetery in Paris, France gets him a one-year subscription. Cheers, mate — and do give our best to that butler dude who is spilling his guts about Princess Diana and the Royal Family! Fal-

HAVING A CROSS WORD FOR US

I thought it was a big deal when I was able to complete your ridiculous cross-word puzzle until I realized one of the answers didn't make sense. Actually, most of the answers didn't make sense, but the one I must ask you to explain is 68 down. My answer was ELI. If this is correct, please tell me what it means. If it's incorrect, then I know what it means — you guys have seriously screwed-up your own puzzle.

Judy Austell, Tullahoma, TN

Hey Judy — Thank you for your question about Elihu Yale. Now, we have a question for you. 1 Across — What is a 4-letter word for Judy?



Thank you for writing! —Ed.





WISECRACK-HEAD

After 50 years, I finally figured it out! MAD's humor is based on satire and parody, but the Letters and Tomatoes Department features cruel sarcasm. It is this conflict of comedic styles that tortures the artistic souls of the Usual Gang of Idiots, thereby fueling their creative fires and resulting in the rag we call MAD. How'd I do?

Scott Smouse, Bellevue, WA

Mr. Scott — On the Letters Page we are only cruel to the ones we love. Thank you so much for your wonderful letter! Affectionately, —Ed.



CASTING A MISPELLING ON US

In the introduction to the article "New Career Options for Dennis Miller" (MAD #422) you compared the success of Dennis Miller's tenure on Monday Night Football to Napoleon's crossing of the Berezina. Unfortunately, you spelled Beresina with a "z" when it is actually spelled with an "s." Next time do your homework!

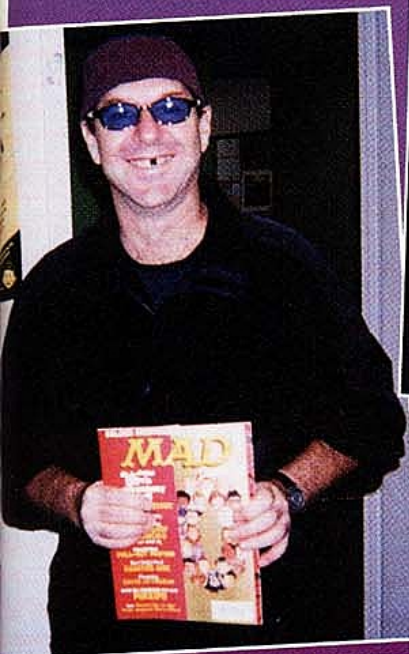
Thomas Ferris, Rutland, VT

Tommy Boy— Thanks for your letter. We'll be more careful next time! —Ed.

MAD Celebrity Visits

One of the greatest advantages of the MAD offices being in New York City is that you never know who's going to drop by. For instance, recently, the cast of Broadway's newest hit *Hairspray* came in to say hello. Also, famed *Late Show* with David Letterman drummer, Anton Fig, stopped by after he was pictured in "MAD Deconstructs TV Talk Shows: This Month: *Late Show* with David Letterman" (#423). To see more pictures of Anton's visit with the MAD staff, please visit his website at www.antonfig.com/madmagazine.htm

Next month, look for pictures of MAD Associate Editor Amy Vozeolas' visit with Anton on the set of *Late Show* with David Letterman!



What, Anton worry?

Anton, seen here with members of the MAD staff, gets the ol' drum schtick



Co-Editors John Ficarra and Nick Meglin hanging with the cast of *Hairspray*



MAD

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David McKillips vp — advertising

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Cheryl Rubin vp — licensing & merchandising

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Contributing Artists And Writers

the usual gang of idiots

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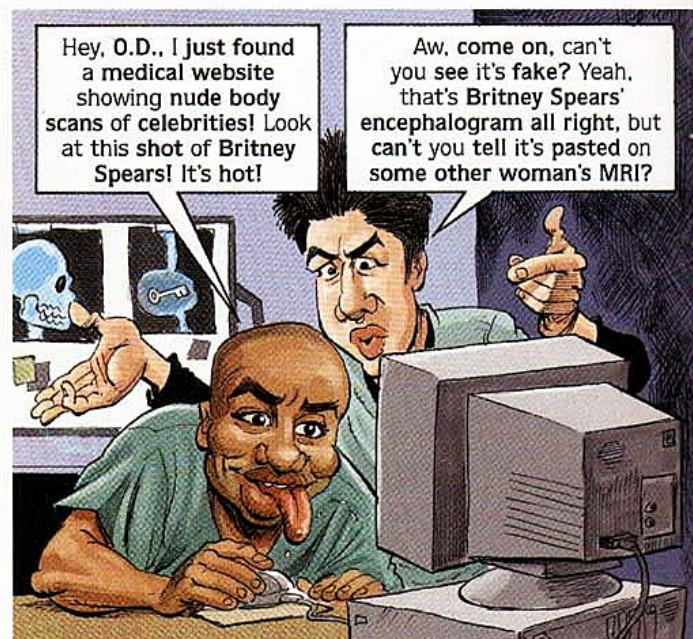
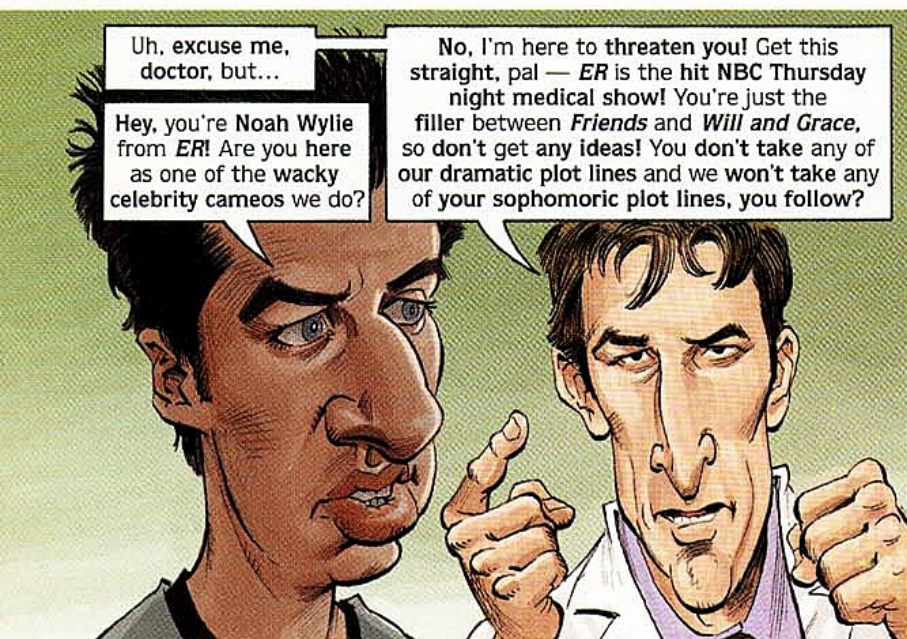
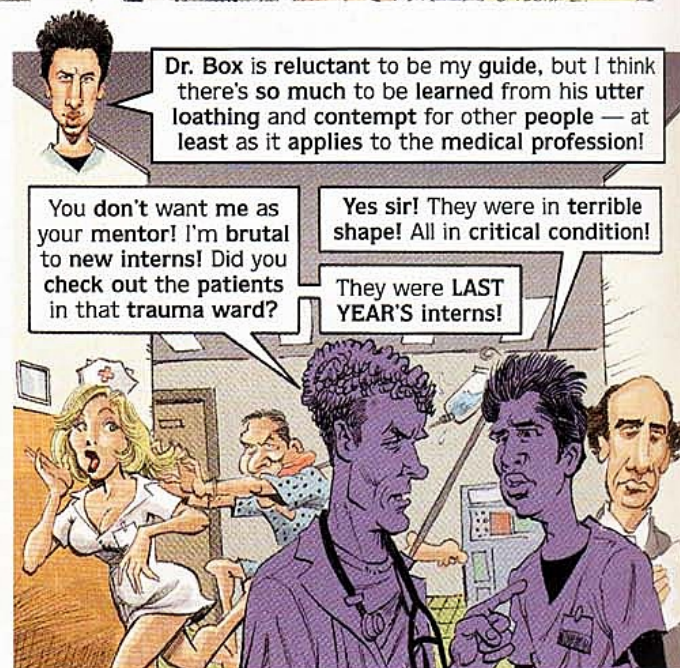
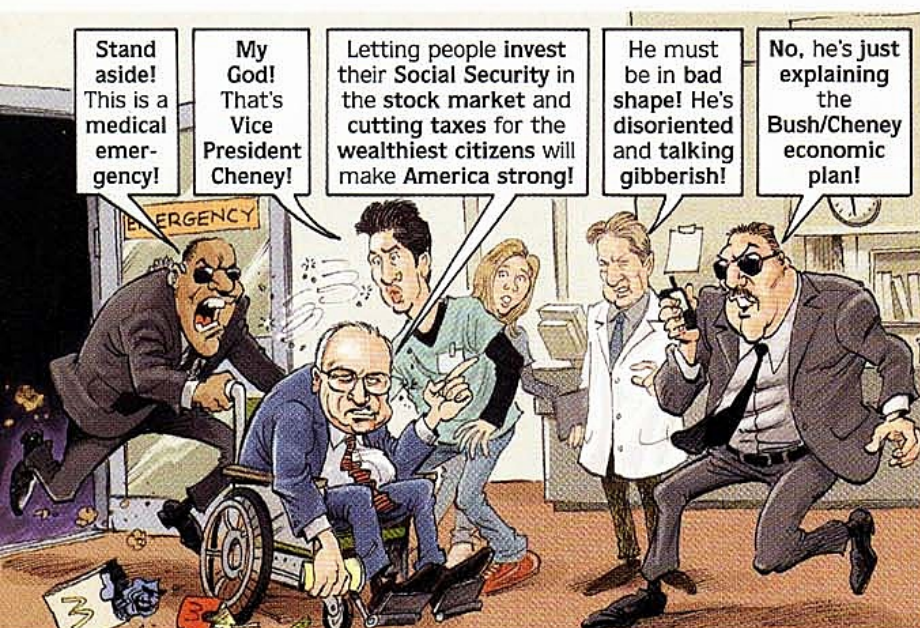
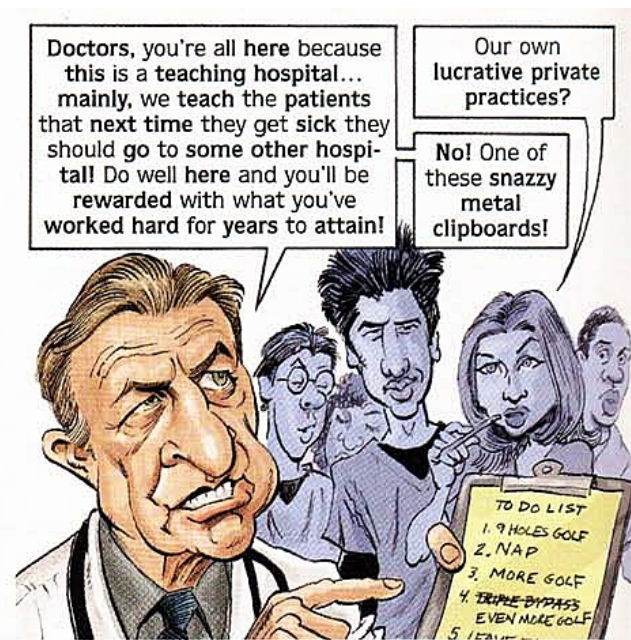
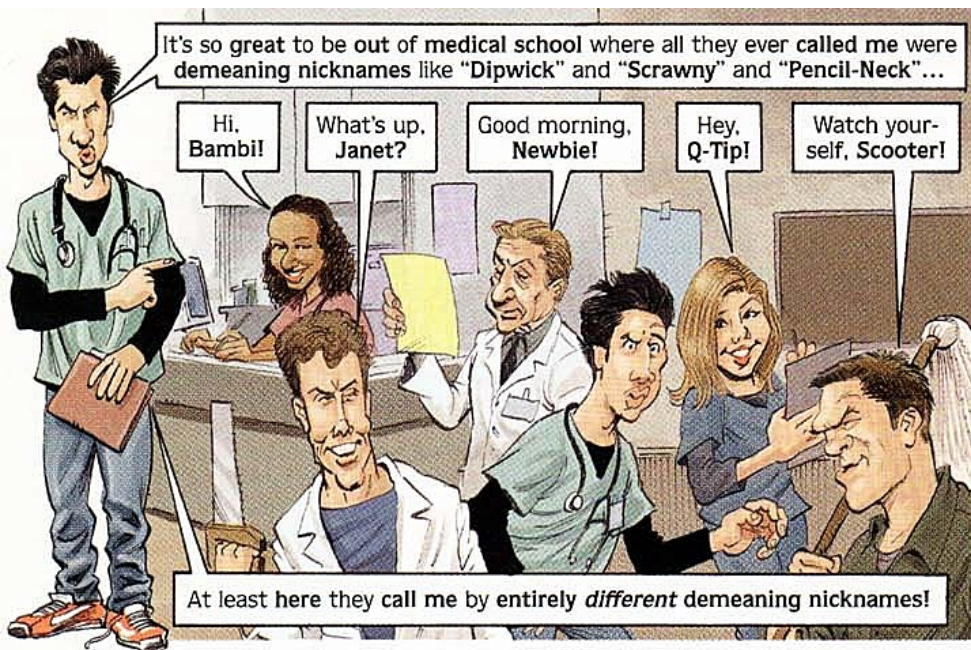
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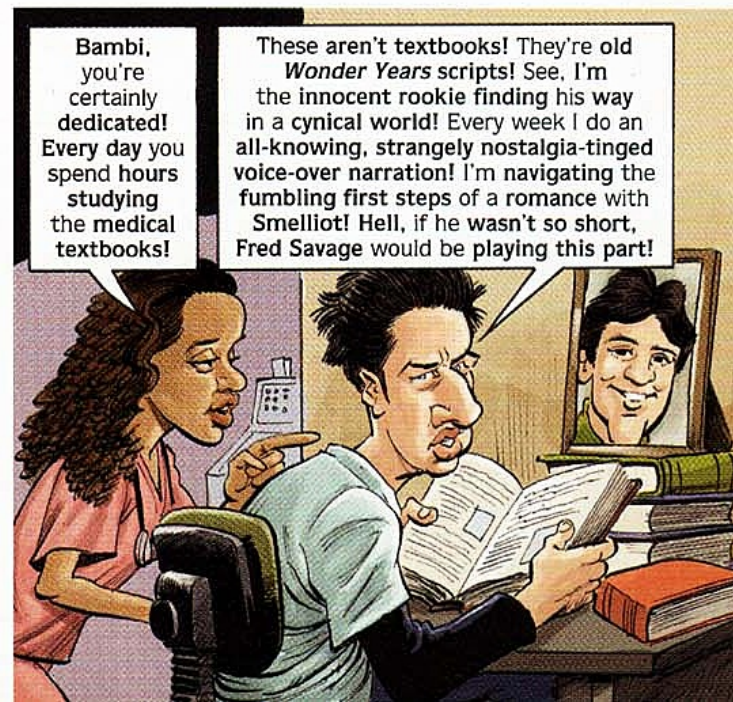
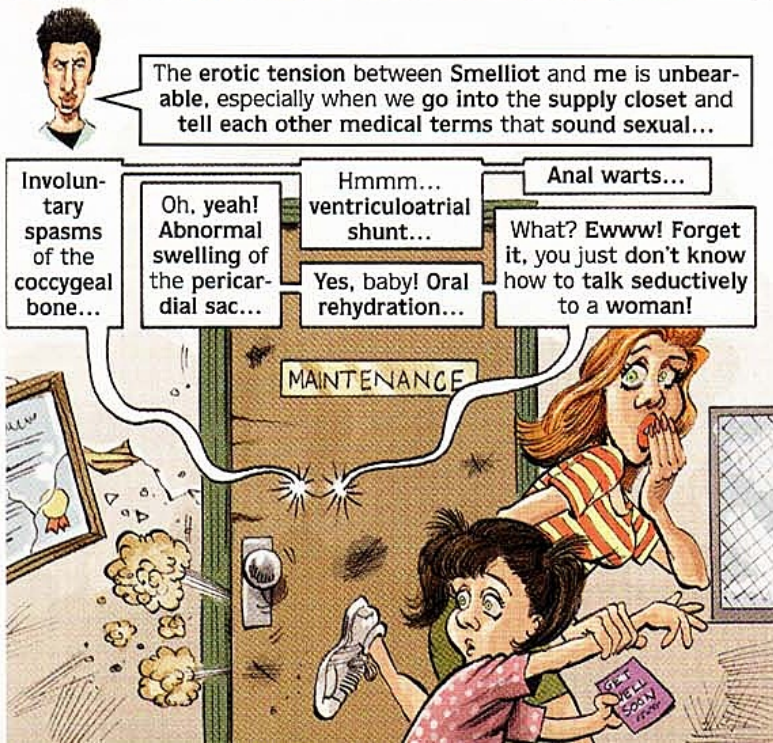
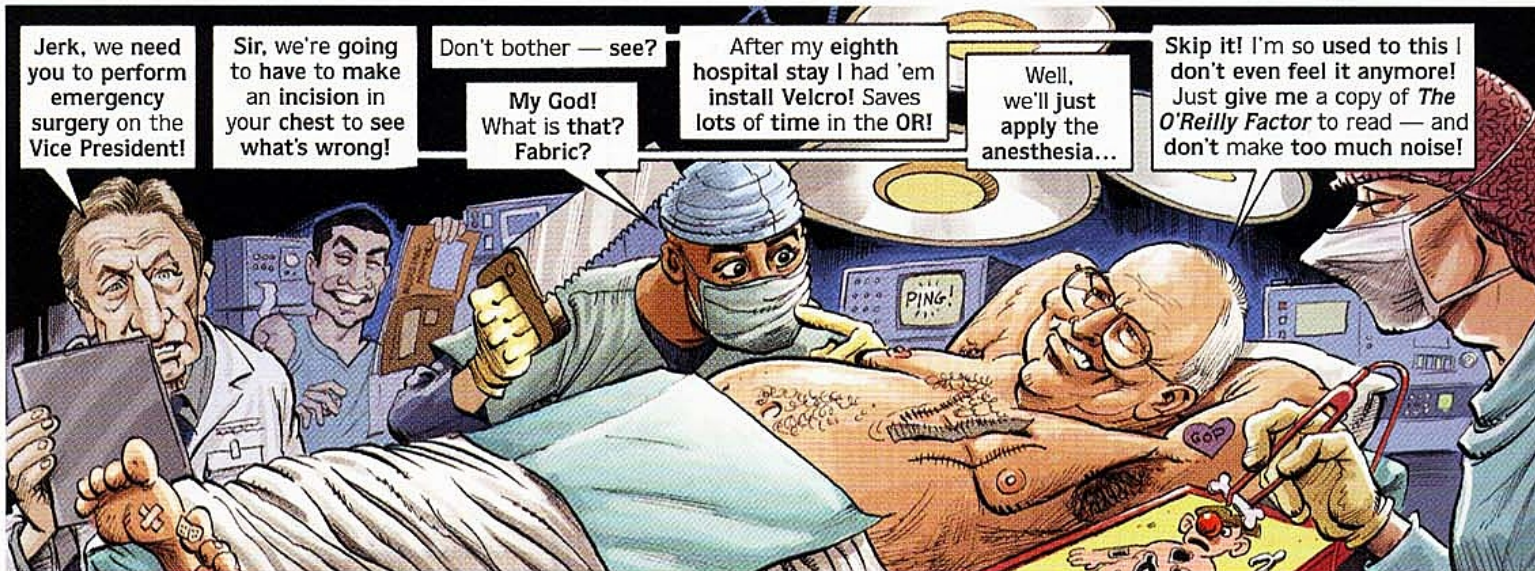
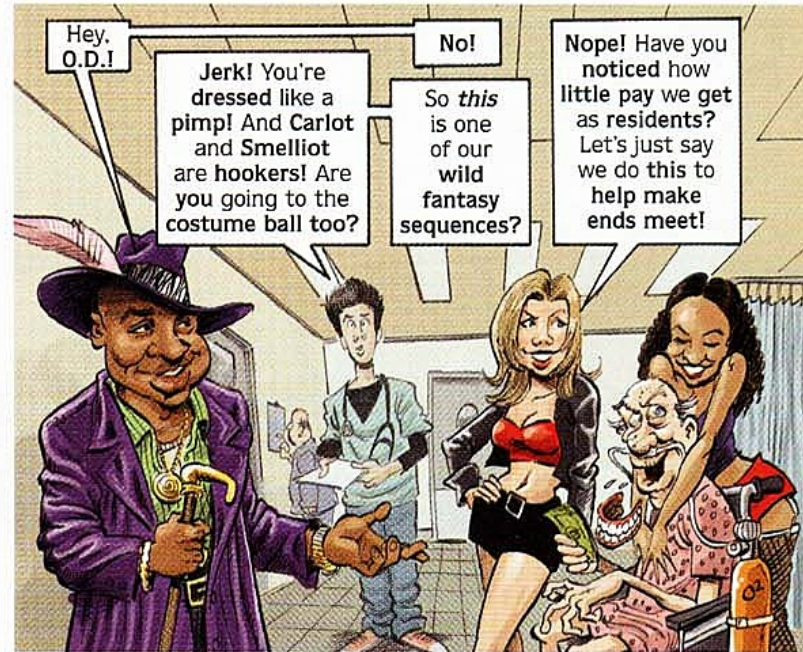
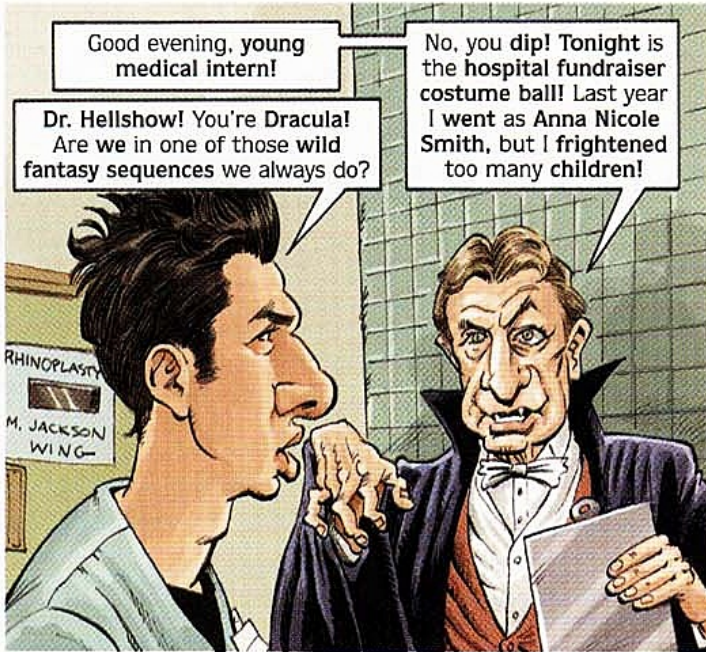
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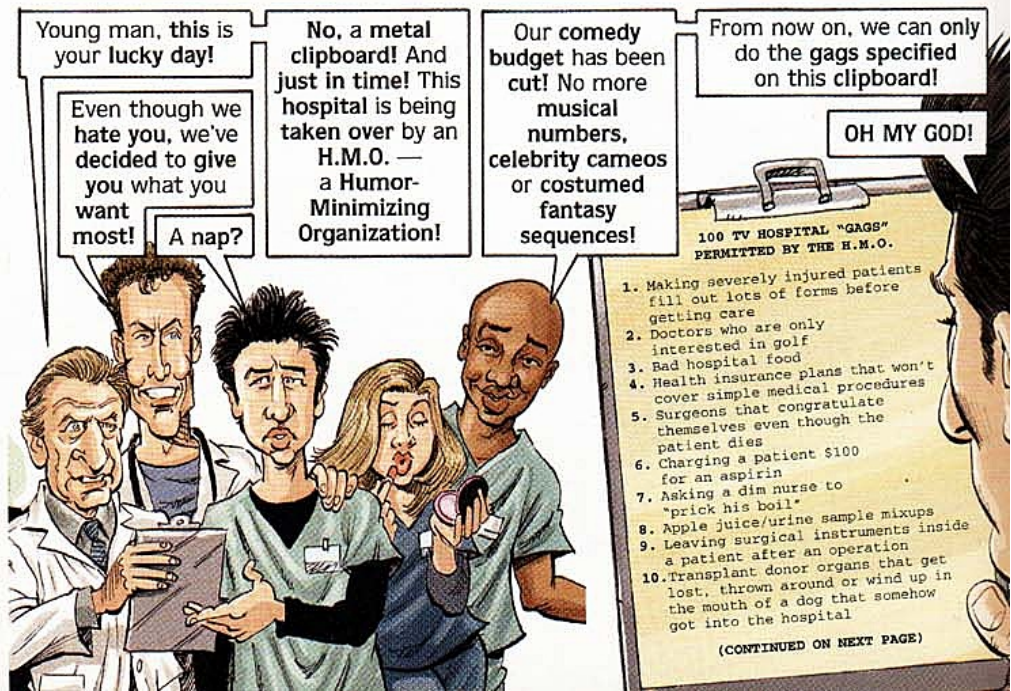
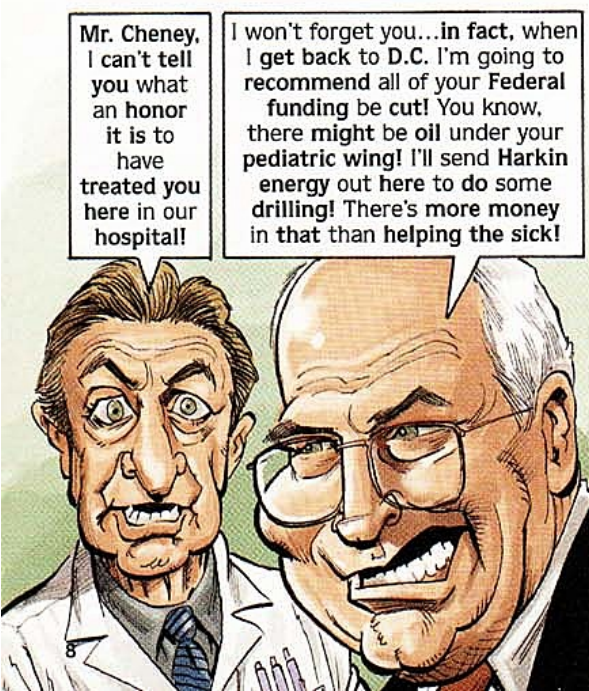
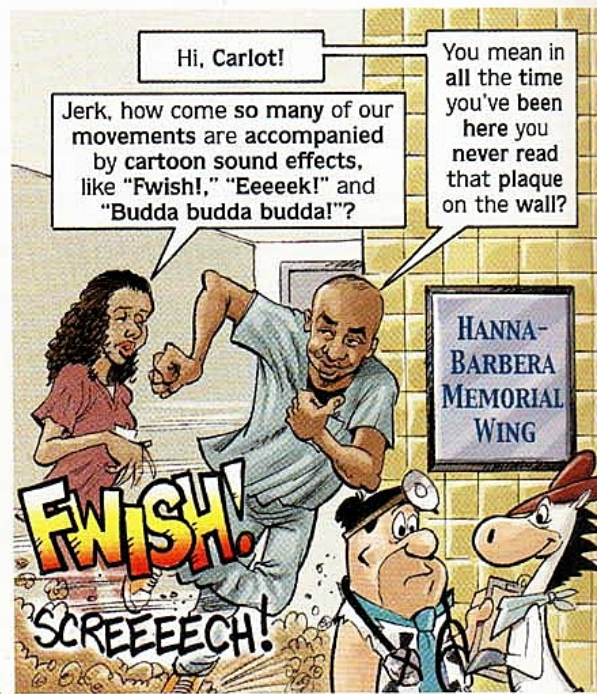
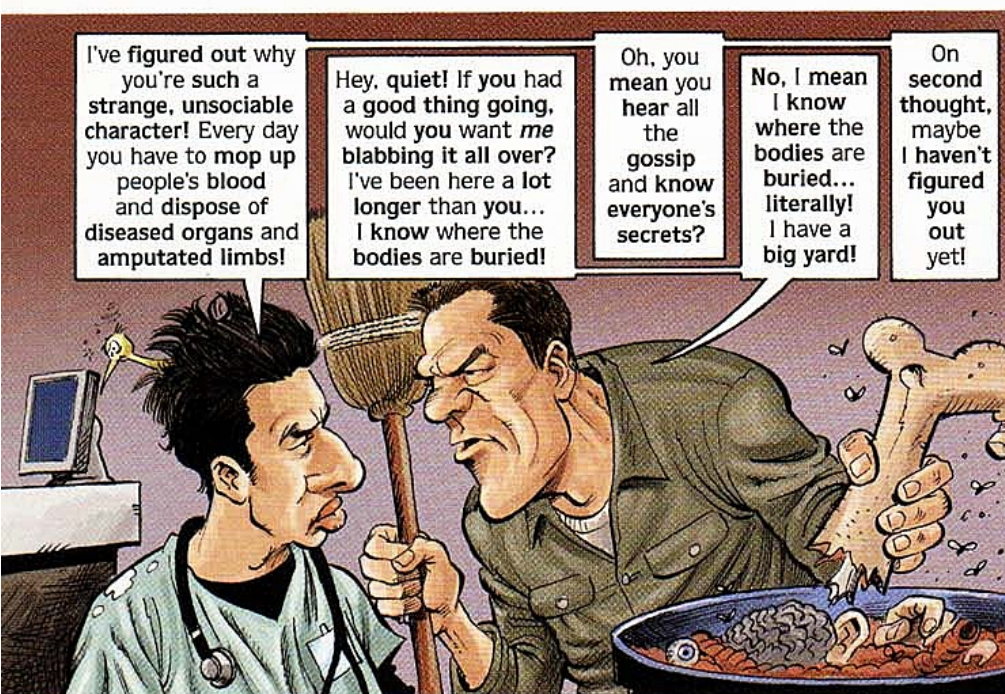
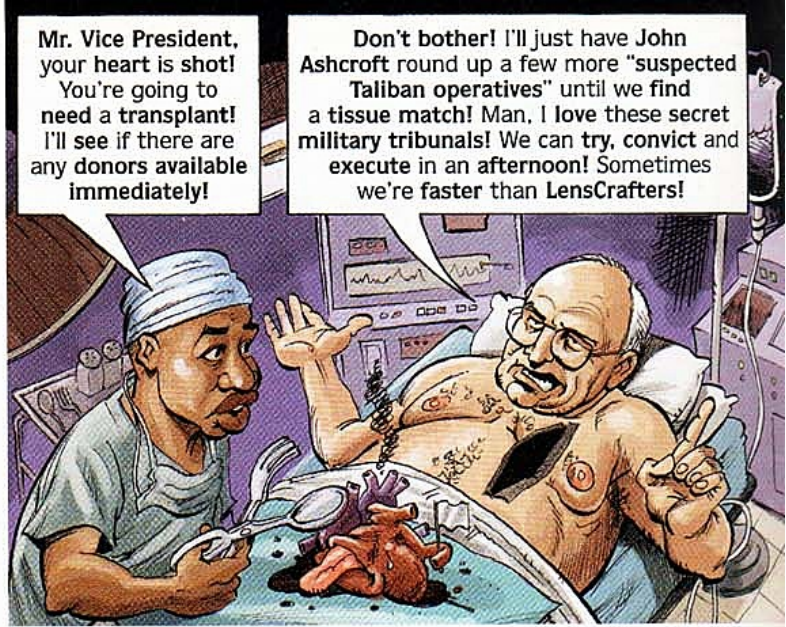
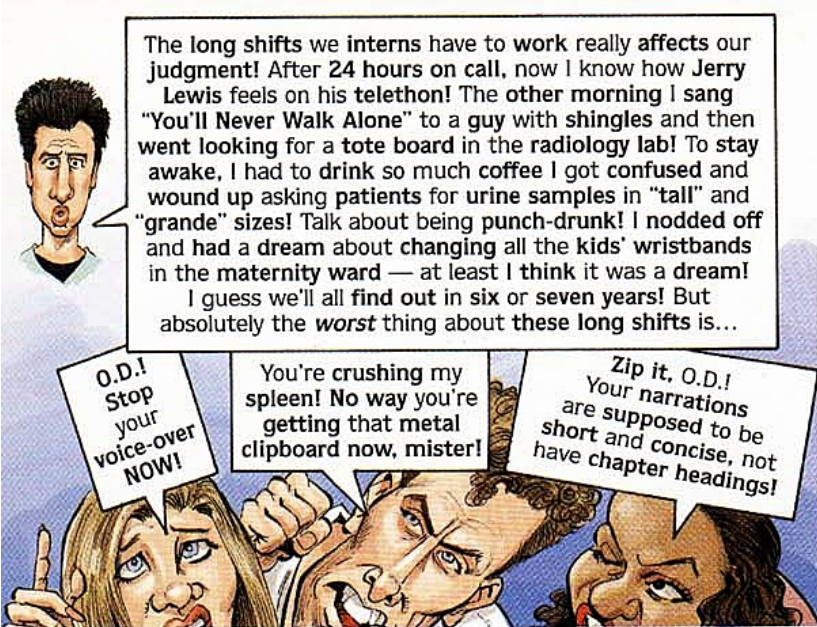
HOW TO REACH US

Please Address Correspondence To:
MAD, Dept. 426, 1700 Broadway,
New York, New York, 10019.

MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope! MAD doesn't read faxed submissions!







Life seems bleak at this point in our history (and not just because *MAD TV* is still on the air). But our motto has always been, "What — me worry?" (Along with, "Our dumb readers will swallow any stupid premise.") So we thought we'd boost everybody's spirit by pointing out the positive things we can be thankful for. It's just our way of saying...

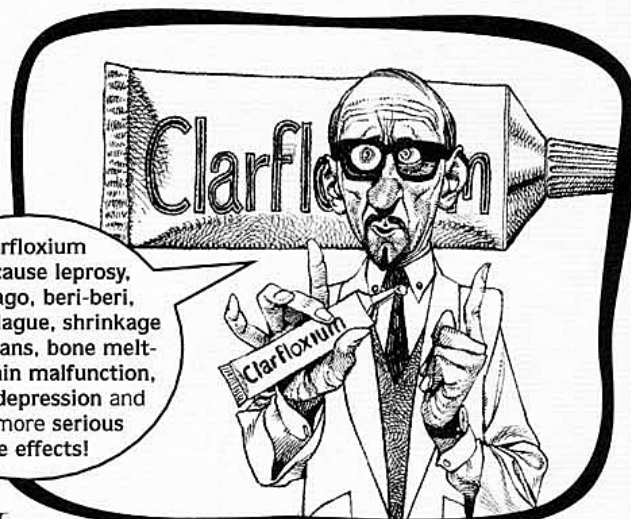
Hey America, Cheer up!



Because the government failed to fire anybody in our less-than-alert intelligence departments, that just means there'll be more unemployment money for the ordinary saps who've been fired for no reason at all.



The five extra hours you wait at the airport gives you time to figure out how much of that \$15 billion airline bailout actually went towards improved security.



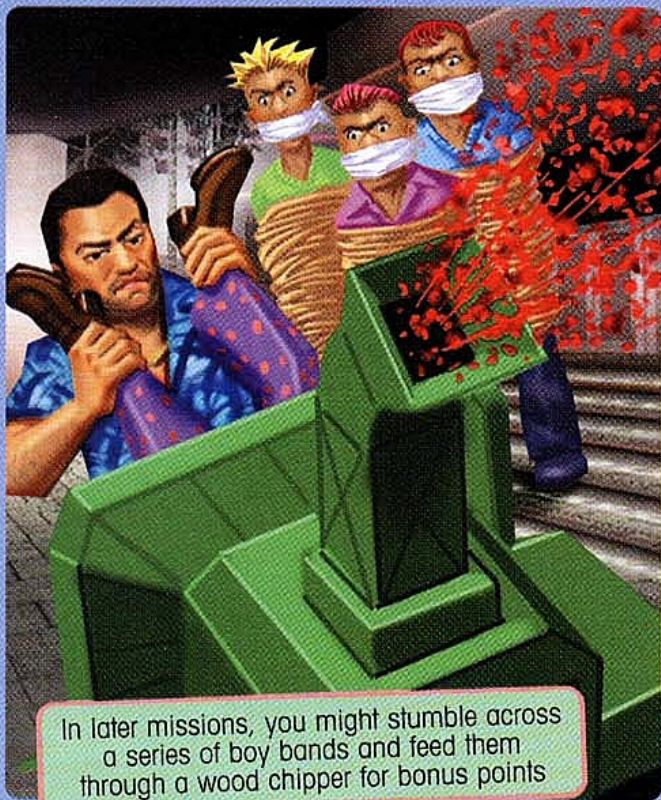
Clarfloxiun might cause leprosy, lumbago, beri-beri, bubonic plague, shrinkage of sex organs, bone melt-down, brain malfunction, suicidal depression and other more serious side effects!

No matter what horrible biological weapon terrorists come up with, the symptoms can't possibly be as bad as the side effects of most drugs advertised on TV.

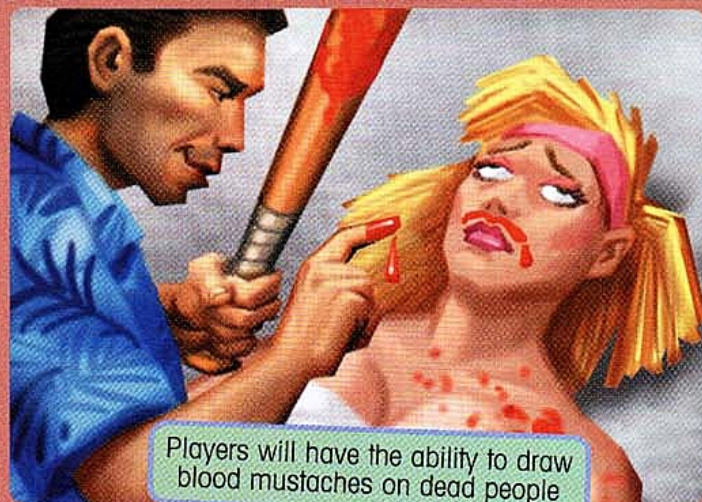


The failure of dot-coms might wreck the economy, but it's worth it just to see obnoxious, arrogant computer geeks frying spuds at McDonald's.

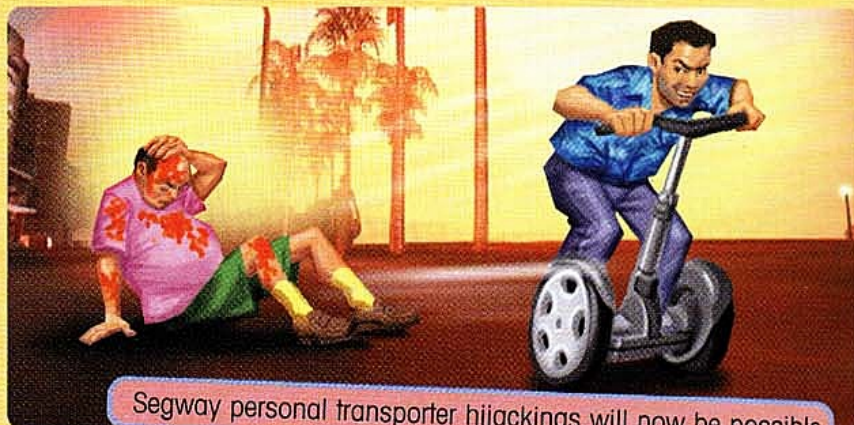
heart-stopping new improvements planned for the next grand theft auto



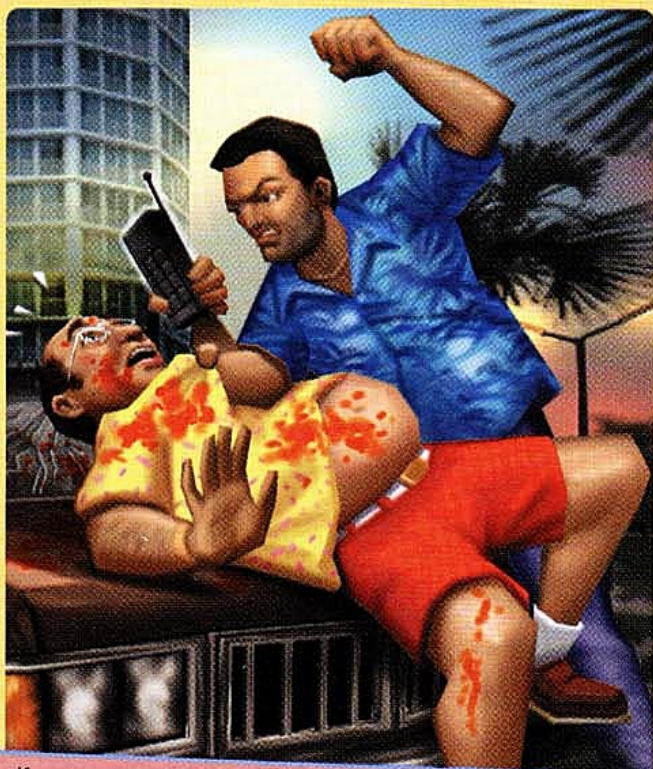
In later missions, you might stumble across a series of boy bands and feed them through a wood chipper for bonus points



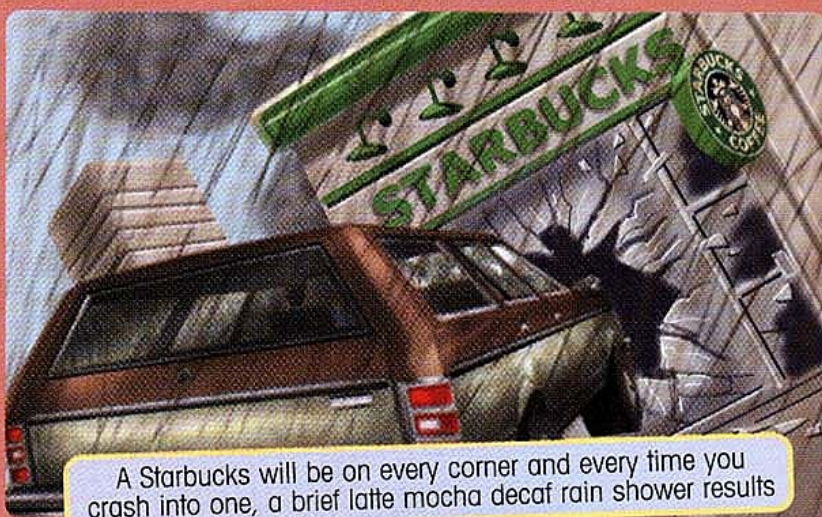
Players will have the ability to draw blood mustaches on dead people



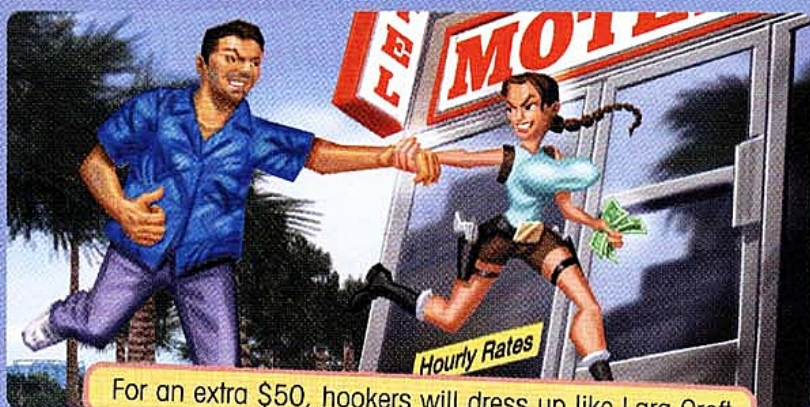
Segway personal transporter hijackings will now be possible



If you can find the car that the "Can you hear me now?" cell phone guy is driving in, you'll get the pleasure of beating him until he stops asking if you can hear him now



A Starbucks will be on every corner and every time you crash into one, a brief latte mocha decaf rain shower results



For an extra \$50, hookers will dress up like Lara Croft

IT'S NEW!

IT'S AMAZING!

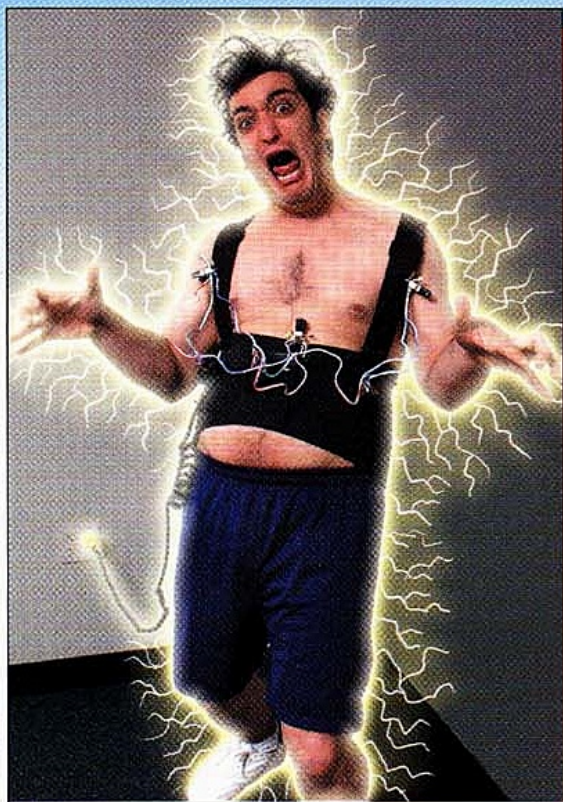
IT'S THE FAB-ULICIOUS

**IN NO TIME, YOU'LL HAVE
MUSCLES OF STEEL!**

(Stay out of the rain to avoid rusting.)

AB-FABULIZER™

Ab-Fabulizer's electronic impulses work 1,000 times faster than ANY OTHER abdominal exerciser on the market because our electronic impulses use 1,000 times the electrical power! Other abdominal exercisers operate on mere low-voltage batteries. Not the **Ab-Fabulizer!** It plugs directly into a 110-volt outlet! It's like touching a live wire with your wet tongue except, perhaps, it's just a wee bit safer! You actually **EXECUTE** your fat away with the same technology used in electric chairs on death rows across the country!



EAT ALL YOU WANT!

Enjoy fatty French fries, sweet pies, rich cakes, sugary candy, even pure lard! With the Ab-Fabulizer, you won't gain an ounce! That's because the constant, violent electric shocks to your system from your Ab-Fabulizer actually prevent you from swallowing anything! In many cases, the high voltage actually propels the food right out of your mouth!

LOOK HEALTHIER, TOO!

The constant electrical charges through your body also turn your skin golden brown — like a deep-fried turkey! You'll have that "extra-crispy" look that will start people talking (and sometimes gaping), without having to go near the beach!

IT'S PORTABLE!

The Ab-fabulizer is lightweight, portable and convenient! Take it wherever you go! In the woods! While mountain climbing! Even on a desert island! Anywhere there's an electrical outlet! It's that simple!

QUALITY EQUIPMENT!

Similar devices sell in stores for up to \$98! We sell ours for only \$49 each! (plus \$49 shipping and handling)

NO DOCTOR'S PERMISSION NEEDED!

Ab-Fabulizer can be used 24 hours a day, without a doctor's prescription*!

(*You will, however, need a doctor's prescription in order to purchase the powerful ointments and painkillers needed to treat the severe skin burns, lacerations, abrasions, rashes, contusions, scaling and running sores using the Ab-Fabulizer for more than .05 seconds a day can sometimes cause!)

WHAT DO EXPERTS SAY ABOUT THE AB-FABULIZER?



"Fantastic! I recommend it without reservation! I've never seen anything like it!"

—Marvin Turetsky,
President of
Ab-Fabulizer, Inc.



"I was a 100-pound weakling, afraid of my own shadow! Now that I own the Ab-Fabulizer, I'm not afraid of bullies anywhere. I just whip it out and electrocute anyone who comes near me!"

—Fred Kiekhaefer,
former wimp

Order Now! Yes, order before all the Ab-Fabulizers are sold out!

(And before the FTC clamps down on us like they have on many similar devices!)

This may be your last chance!

HOW TO ORDER:

You can order by fax, e-mail, phone or, for large cash orders, you can meet us on a dark street corner in just about any city! We accept credit cards, even if they're not yours, just as long as we can bill them!

____ Yes, I need to look better and lose weight! (Not to mention read ads more carefully!) Send me my \$49 Ab-Fabulizer for only \$98.00.

____ I want to look better faster! Send me six \$49 Ab-Fabulizers for only \$599.00, plus your free "Arithmetic For Dummies" book!

Name _____

Address _____

Credit Card # _____

I understand that if I am unhappy with my purchase, I may return my Ab-Fabulizers for a refund. (Your refund equals the price you paid, minus a 150% re-stocking fee.)

Please include full payment if you're returning your Ab-Fabulizers for a refund!

We ship your order the minute your check clears. For fastest service, send cash!

NO OVERBLOWN CLAIMS!

We make no overblown claims about the Ab-Fabulizer! We merely promise it will:

- Give you a more healthy, younger appearance!
- Sculpt your body into that of a Greek God or Goddess!
- Strengthen muscles so you can bend steel bars easily!
- Restore your heart to the way it was when you were born!
- Free you from ulcers, headaches, colds, arthritis, scabs and anal warts!
- Increase your sex drive at least 1,000 percent!
- Add six to nine inches to any body part you choose!
- Enable you to date royalty!
- Enable you to live underwater forever, without any sort of scuba equipment, if you so choose!

We could go on, but we'll just leave it at that! Let the other deceitful people selling similar, but better, products use the exaggerated claims!

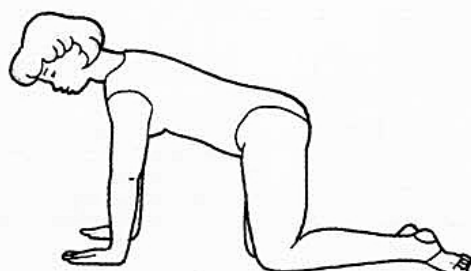


Most people who seek enlightenment and peace through Yoga attend strenuous classes, visit weird ashrams and endlessly repeat mind-numbing mantras (fa fa om, fa fa om, fa fa om)! But the truth is you don't need training, knowledge or dedication of *any kind* to be a true Yoga master, because you already are one! In fact, whether you realize it or not, you practice difficult and advanced Yoga postures on an everyday basis, which you're sure to recognize in these...

yoga positions

THAT OCCUR IN DAILY LIFE

THE YOGA POSITION



Ox Pose

THE REAL LIFE EQUIVALENT



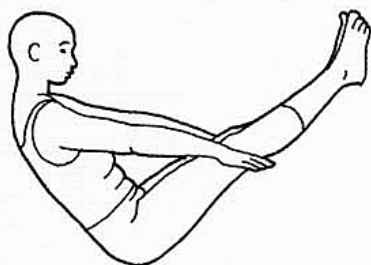
Vomiting your guts out after a long night of hard drinking



Holy Fig Tree Pose



Putting the angel on top of the Christmas tree



Boat Posture



Lifting legs for vacuum

THIS MONTH: ^{The} O'REILLY [FACTOR]



8:35

Out comes some self-appointed "spokeperson" for a group nobody's ever heard of. What gives this group the power to blast Hollywood, cable TV, popular music or life in general? They've got the word "Family" in their name.

Today's movies are filled with deviant sleaze! Would Humphrey Bogart have slept next to a donkey, like Shrek does? Would Katherine Hepburn have eaten some monkey's banana on the Planet of the Apes? Would Bette Davis have appeared in a Mummy movie and let a team of explorers violate her sarcophagus? This must stop! Why can't Hollywood go back to producing normal stories about normal people, like *The Wizard of Oz*?



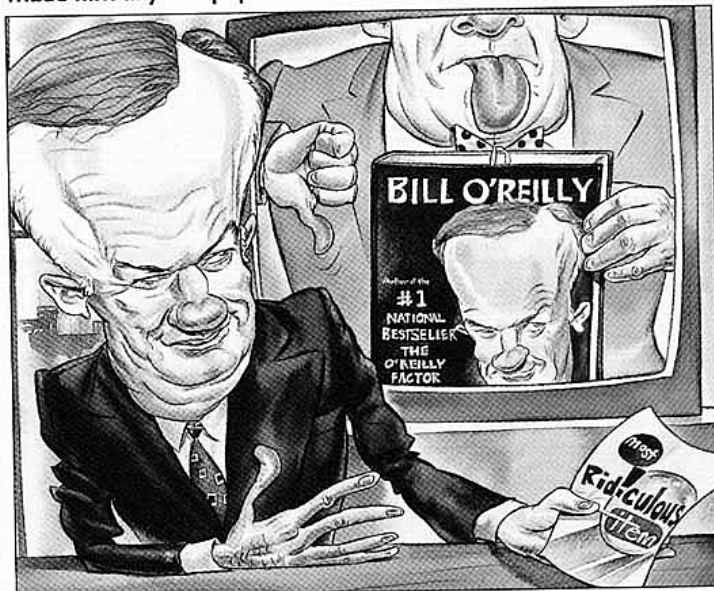
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Bill O'Reilly thanks the spokesperson (and sole member) of the Family Council for American Families for coming on. He then warns the "big media barons," "Hollywood moguls" and other "purveyors of slime" that America won't stand for their sort of immoral product much longer. It's not clear whether the guy who signs O'Reilly's paychecks at FOX, Rupert Murdoch, takes this personally.



8:44

It's time for "The Most Ridiculous Item of the Day." This could be just about anything, but option A is always anybody in the media who's mentioned O'Reilly in less than a suckup manner. Bill's usual move is to thank the critic for blasting him or his book, because any negative mention of it always causes a big spike in sales. He might have a point, too: nothing FOX News could say about Bill Clinton ever made him any less popular.



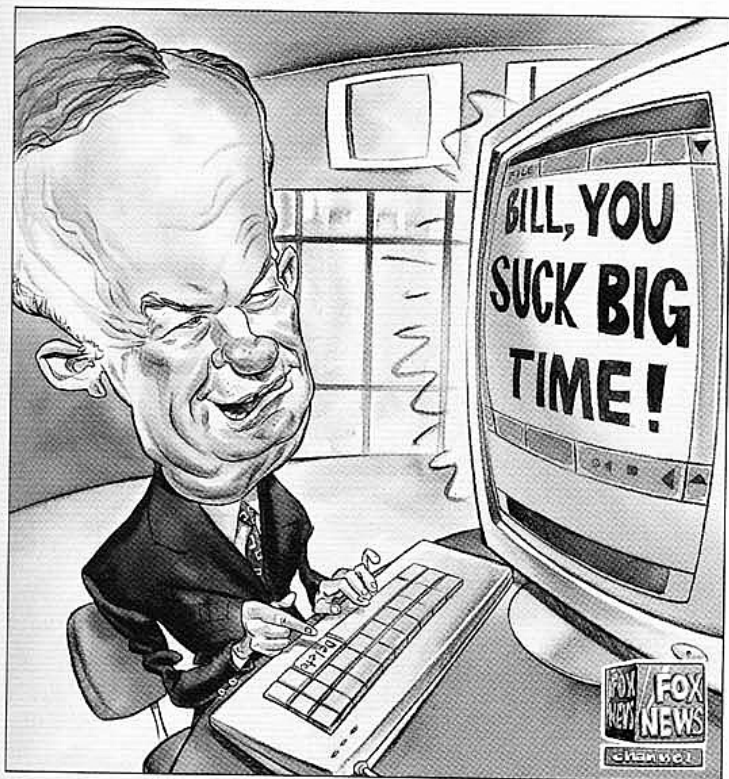
8:49

O'Reilly crows about the latest TV ratings, showing that FOX News has "pulled way ahead" of CNN. He doesn't happen to point out that the two networks combined attract about 1.5% of the viewing audience, or about a sixth of what Miss Cleo did until the Feds shut her down. In other words, Bob Dole, Bob Barr, Bob Graham and Bob Kerrey combined still lose to SpongeBob.



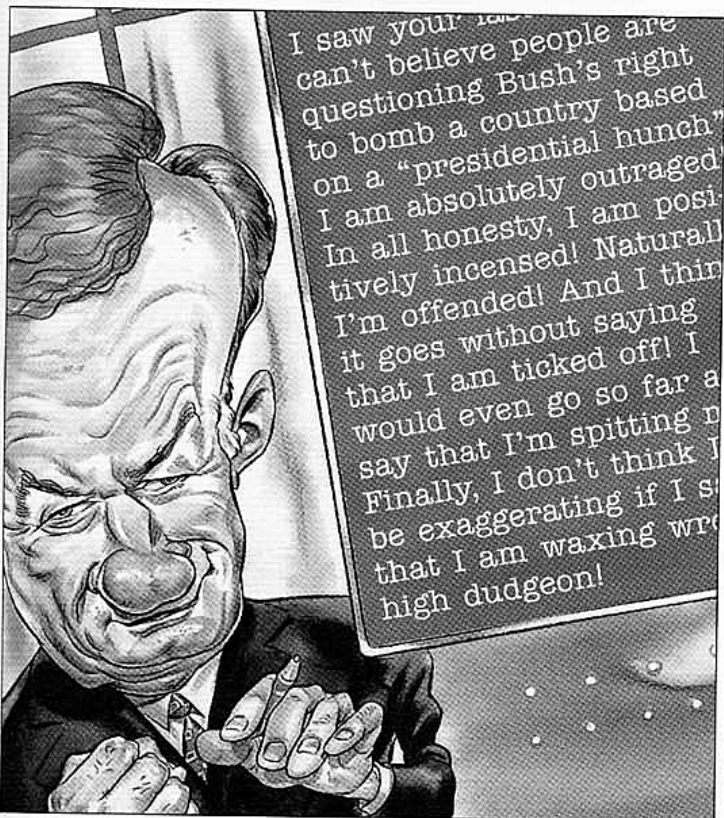
8:53

It's the Viewer E-mail segment, which once again demonstrates that AOL's monthly fee is priced low enough to attract the trailer park demographic. Amazingly, every show includes an exact 50% split of E-mail. On days when they get 8,000 negative E-mails and two positive ones, they pick the two best negative ones. Maybe that's what FOX News means by "fair and balanced."



8:54

The first writer is "outraged," "incensed," "offended," "ticked off," "spitting mad" and "waxing wroth in high dudgeon." Yessir, the O'Reilly website putting up a link to www.thesaurus.com is really starting to pay off.



8:55

The next writer wants to know why big names like Hillary Clinton or George Clooney aren't invited to appear as guests on the show. O'Reilly explains that anyone who doesn't go on his show "won't return our calls" because they're obviously "afraid to appear on *The Factor*." It's probably the same reason redtailed deer don't like to attend NRA conventions. And this is a shame, because if Ted Kennedy got to speak uninterrupted on FOX News' airwaves for 6 seconds, just imagine how many viewers' minds he would change.



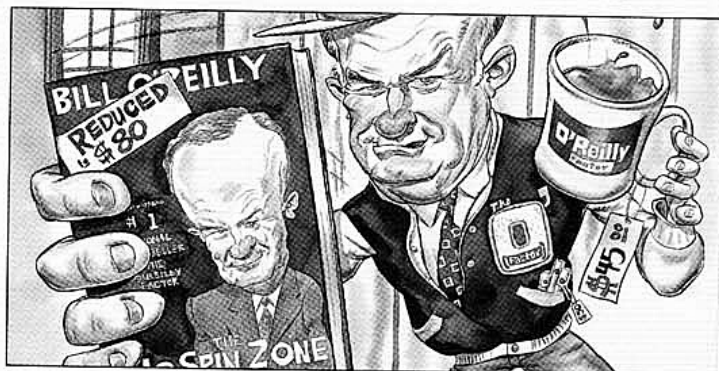
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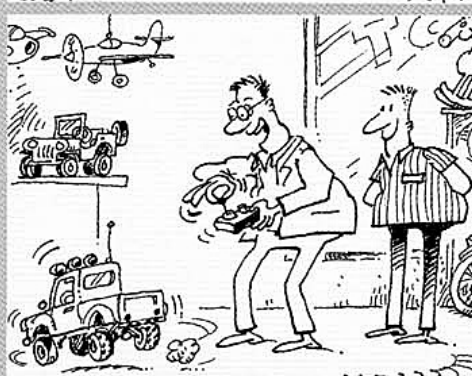
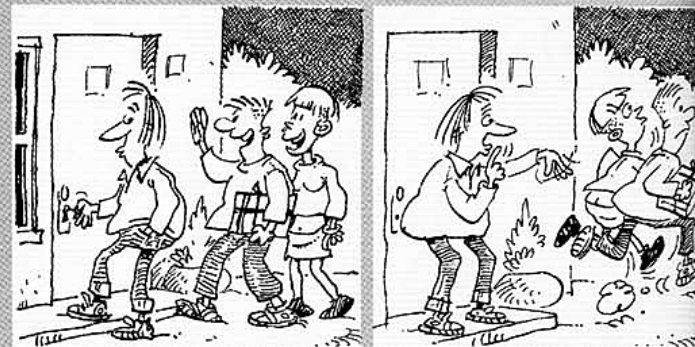
Finally, the last writer brings up the Florida election that President Bush didn't actually win, prompting Bill to howl, "Ancient history! Get OVER it!" Then O'Reilly promotes tomorrow's program, with segments about the House investigation into the Clintons taking gifts, and shocking new revelations about "Travelgate."



8:59

In case an hour of this wasn't enough, Bill gives out the website address. It's Merchandise Time! Caps, shirts, signed books, varsity jackets...O'Reilly pushes more crap than an incontinent elephant. Plus, viewers can order a videotape copy of any O'Reilly Factor, in case they missed the first broadcast, and the second, and the third, and the weekend repeat. Unfortunately, profits for all the O'Reilly stuff aren't as high as they could be — since Fox News viewers who think the U.N. uses fleets of black helicopters to monitor their seed catalogues aren't all that excited about giving out their credit card number on the internet.







WorldCom! Halliburton! Enron! Harken! Tyco! Arthur Andersen! ImClone! As you can tell from his extra-angry face and the way he's speaking 10% slower than usual, George W. Bush is very, very mad at corporate raiders and other white-collar crooks who've been very, very, very naughty. Boy, are those creeps in big trouble now! With total control over the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Department of Justice, what has the President done about these criminals who've looted Americans' retirement money and sent the stock market into a death spiral? Why, he's created a "Corporate Fraud Task Force"! MAD Magazine has every confidence that his "economic S.W.A.T. team" will root out and destroy all criminal activity in big business, just as sure as your name is Shmucky Von Gool! Have no fear! Nothing can stop the...



#1

GEORGE W. BUSH IS
DAMAGE CONTROL!



DICK CHENEY IS
THE DEFIBRILLATOR!



JOHN ASHCROFT IS
THE HOLY FURY!



ALAN GREENSPAN IS
THE UNSEEN HAND!



CORPORATE FRAUD TASK FORCE

ECONOMY....
TANKING!
PEOPLE'S LIVES....
RUINED! DO
SOMETHING, MR.
PRESIDENT!

OF
COURSE!
PLEASE
ACCEPT
THESE
FLAGS!

**FIRST
EXCITING
ISSUE!**

BUY TEN COPIES AS,
UH, "INVESTMENTS"
IT'S NO LESS RELIABLE
THAN ANY STOCK
OUT THERE!

SPECULATE NO MORE! YOU'VE NEVER SEEN A STARTLING SAGA LIKE...

WHEN COMPANIES COLLAPSE!

OUR SENSES-SHATTERING ADVENTURE BEGINS IN THE **OVAL FORTRESS OF HYPOCRISY!** THE TIRELESS DEFENDERS OF AMERICA'S ECONOMIC WELL-BEING, THE **CORPORATE FRAUD TASK FORCE**, ALERT THEIR TEAM LEADER TO A **SHOCKING CRISIS OF CONFIDENCE!**

THE **W-SCREEN'S** GOING **WILD**, CHIEF! TENS OF THOUSANDS OF **WORKERS** ARE BEING **LAID OFF!**

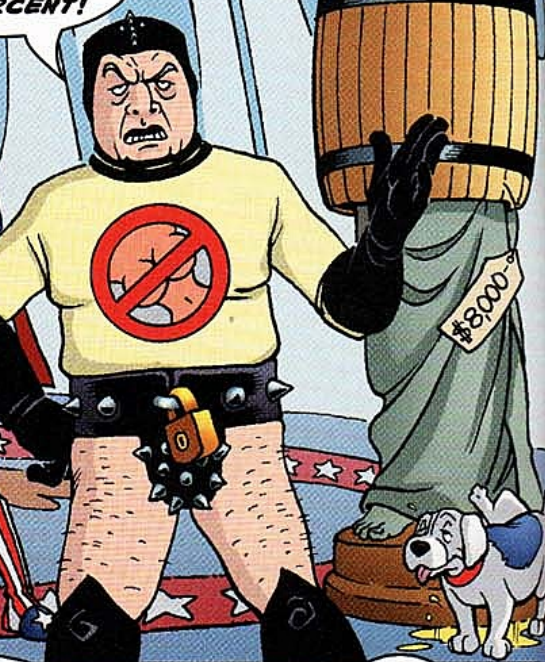
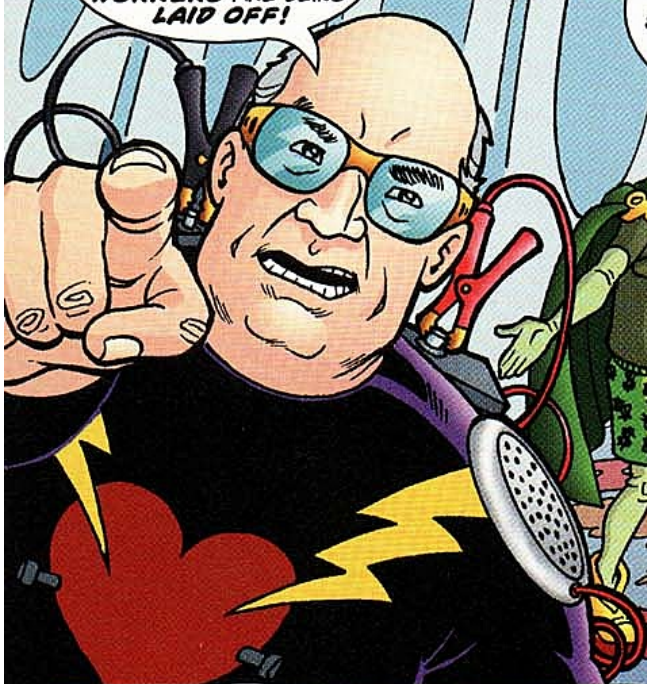
A MERE **ROUGH PATCH** IN THE **PATH TO RECOVERY!**

MILLIONS OF AMERICANS' **LIFE SAVINGS** ARE IN **GRAVE DANGER!**

A LONG **OVERDUE MARKET CORRECTION!**

YOUR **OPINION POLLS** ARE **DOWN 4 PERCENT!**

DANGLING CHADS! THIS IS **SERIOUS!**



GET **READY TO ROLL**, TEAM! THE **CORPORATE FRAUD TASK FORCE** IS **ROCKETING STRAIGHT TO THE HEART OF EVIL!**

THAT'S **RIGHT**, OVER-FAITHFUL CHUM, **TEXAS!**

YOU MEAN...?



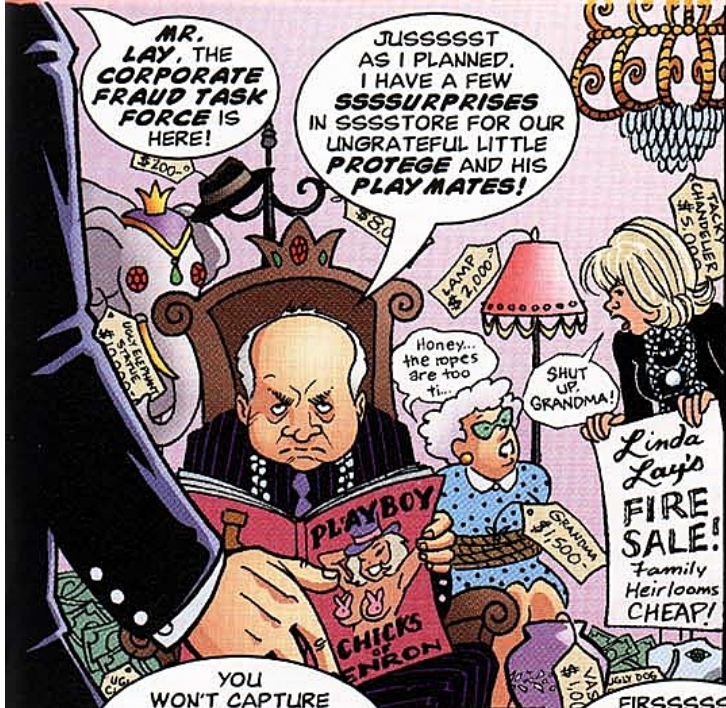
BUT, JUNIOR! THAT'S **ENRON HEAD-QUARTERS!**

THESE **ENERGY COMPANIES** ARE YOUR **CLOSEST CRONIES!** THEY'VE **FLOODED YOUR ELECTION CHEST** WITH **MILLIONS IN SOFT MONEY!**

THEY'VE **QUIETLY FINANCED** YOUR **ENTIRE ADULT LIFE** SINCE **DAY ONE!**

ENRON... ENRON... HMMM. **HOPE, SORRY... DOESN'T RING A BELL.**





MR. LAY, THE CORPORATE FRAUD TASK FORCE IS HERE!

JSSSSST AS I PLANNED, I HAVE A FEW SSSSURPRISES IN SSSSTORE FOR OUR UNGRATEFUL LITTLE PROTEGE AND HIS PLAY MATES!

Honey... the ropes are too tight...

SHUT UP, GRANDMA!

Linda Lay's FIRE SALE! Family Heirlooms CHEAP!



HEY THERE, KENNY BOY! LONG TIME NO SEE!

BEFORE WE BEGIN, I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU THAT OUR SSSSECRET BATTLE IS NOT AS SSSSECRET AS USUAL. THE ENTIRE THING'S BEING BROADCASTSSST ON C-SPAN 2!

WHAT? PRESS COVERAGE? UH, ER, I MEANT TO SAY, FREEZE, YOU EVIL FIEND! UM, WHO I BARELY REMEMBER FROM MY TENURE AS GOVERNOR! UH HUH, THAT'S IT.



YOU WON'T CAPTURE ME, CORPORATE FRAUD TASK FORCE! MY FOUR SSSSUPER-SSSSHREDDERS WILL MAKE QUICK WORK OF YOU!

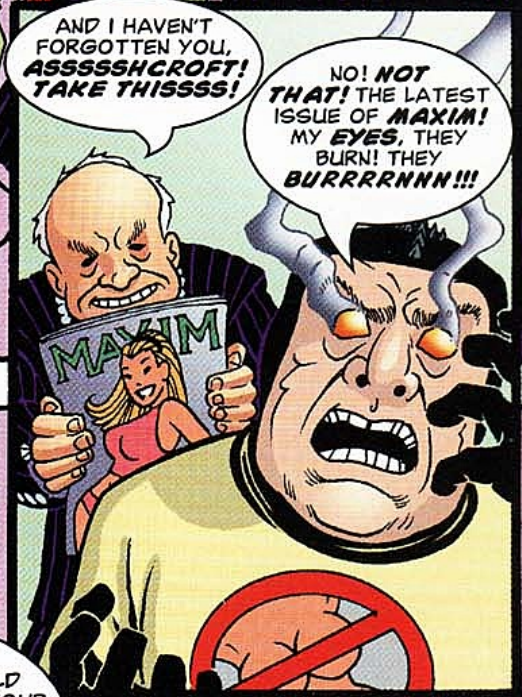
FOUR SHREDDERS? YOU'VE ONLY GOT ONE!

TRUE, BUT ACCORDING TO GENERALLY ACCEPTED ACCOUNTING PRINCIPLES, IT'S CLOSE ENOUGH!



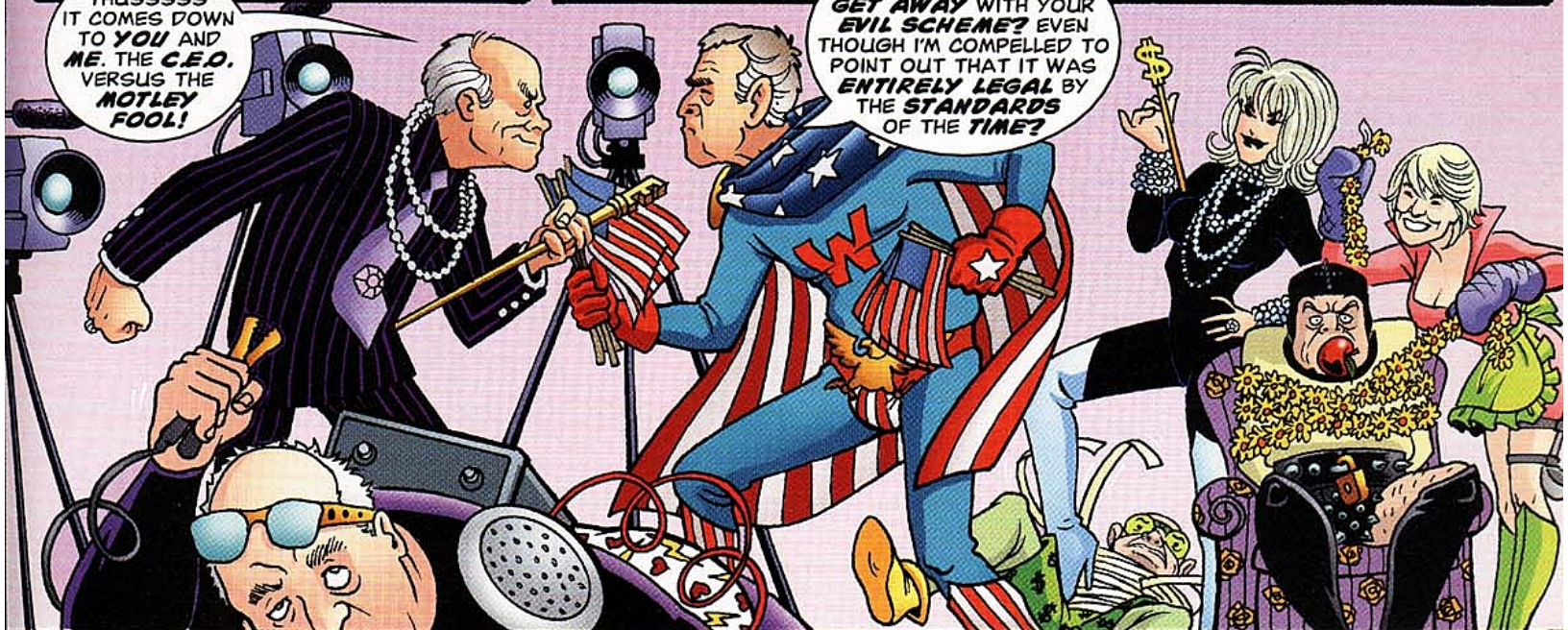
FIRSSSSST YOU WERE INCRIMINATED.... NOW YOU'LL BE INCINERATED!

ARGHHH! I'VE BEEN HIT IN AN UNDISCLOSED LOCATION!



AND I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN YOU, ASSSSSHCROFT! TAKE THISSSS!

NO! NOT THAT! THE LATEST ISSUE OF MAXIM! MY EYES, THEY BURN! THEY BURRRNNN!!!



AND THUSSSSS IT COMES DOWN TO YOU AND ME, THE C.E.O. VERSUS THE MOTLEY FOOL!

DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH YOUR EVIL SCHEME? EVEN THOUGH I'M COMPELLED TO POINT OUT THAT IT WAS ENTIRELY LEGAL BY THE STANDARDS OF THE TIME?

DOZENS OF C-SPAN2 VIEWERS CAN ONLY WATCH IN HORROR, AS THE BUSINESSMAN WHO SUCCESSFULLY STOLE HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS FACES OFF AGAINST THE BUSINESSMAN WHO WAS TOO DUMB TO MAKE A PROFIT!

IVE SSSSAVED THE WORSSST FOR LASSSSST! THIS RAY WILL VIBRATE YOUR BRAIN, REDUCING YOU TO A GRINNING, EASILY MANIPULATED VEGETABLE!

NICE TRY, BUNKY! YOU'RE AIMING AT MY LEAST VULNERABLE SPOT!

CURSES! I DON'T UNDERSSSTAND! IT DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE HAVING ANY NEGATIVE EFFECT!

I'LL COOK YOU LIKE ENRON'S BOOKS!

9/11!

I'LL FREEZE YOU LIKE I FROZE MY EMPLOYEES' 401(K) PLANS!

9/11!

NOT A SSSSSCRATCH! HOW CAN IT BE?

9/11! 9/11! NOTHING CAN EVER HURT ME, AS LONG AS I KEEP ON SAYING "9/11"!

NOW IT'S MY TURN! TAKE THIS! IT'S \$300! MY TAX CUT SOLVES ANYTHING!

YOUR WEAPON IS PATHETIC! WHO WOULD BE SSSSTUPID ENOUGH TO BELIEVE IT COULD WORK?

ENOUGH VOTERS TO PUT ME HERE, IF YOU DON'T COUNT FLORIDA!

YOU ARE A WORTHY "FOE," DAMAGE CONTROL. IT'S A SSSSHAME YOU AND I ARE ON OPPOSITE SSSSIDES OF THE FENCE. UM, YUP, OPPOSITE SSSSIDES, THAT'S US, YEAH.

WHAT? ARE YOU BREAKING UP WITH ME? OHHHH, HOLD ON THERE, I GET IT NOW. YOU CAN'T SNEAK ANYTHING PAST ME. I WENT TO YALE!

THESE TOUGH NEW REGULATIONS WILL SHOW YOU WHO'S THE **BOSS**, BOSS! YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY BACK 5% OF THE MONEY YOU **STOLE**. AND PROVIDE A **WRITTEN APOLOGY!**

OOCHY! MY WRIST HAS BEEN **SLAPPED! HARD!**

YOUR FATAL MISTAKE, **KENNY BOY**, WAS ASSUMING I'D **PROTECT** YOUR BUTT.

SORRY, BUT IT'S NOT 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, OR 2001 ANYMORE!

YOU'RE **GOING AWAY** FOR A LONG, LONG TIME, **KEN LAY**. MAYBE A YEAR!

BEFORE YOU TAKE ME AWAY TO MY **14-ROOM DUPLEX EXECUTIVE CELL**, TELL ME ONE THING. WHY AM I THE **BAD GUY**? AREN'T YOU THE ONE WHO INHERITED A **BALANCED BUDGET** AND THE LARGEST **SSSSURPLUS** IN U.S. HISSTORY, AND **PISSED IT ALL AWAY** IN LESSSSS THAN A YEAR?

I PROMISED THIS COUNTRY **ONE THING**: THAT I WOULD RUN THIS **GOVERNMENT** LIKE A **BUSINESS**. AND BY GOD, I SURE HAVE **DONE IT!**

CRUNCHIN' CRONYISM! CHALK UP ANOTHER **WHITE-COLLAR CROOK** INCONVENIENCED BY THE **CORPORATE FRAUD TASK FORCE!** NOW, IF ANYBODY WANTS ME FOR THE NEXT **5 WEEKS**, I'LL BE AT MY SECRET **SUPER-RANCH**, PRETENDING TO BE A **COWBOY!**

YOU'VE **EARNED** IT, SIR! YOU HAVEN'T HAD A **VACATION** SINCE **LAST MONDAY!**

WAY TO GO, **JUNIOR!** YOU CERTAINLY SHOWED ALL **AMERICANS** THAT YOU'RE NOT A **PRISY DOLT** WHO'S COMPLETELY IN THE POCKET OF **BIG BUSINESS!** UM, THIS SHOW IS GOING OUT **LIVE**. RIGHT?

I'M SLOW TO **ANGER**. I'M A **PATIENT** MAN. IN FACT, I'M PRACTICALLY **INERT!**

LET US **PRAISE THE LORD!** HE MAY NOT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PROTECT MILLIONS OF **SMALL INVESTORS**, BUT HE CERTAINLY FOUGHT POWERFULLY FOR YOUR **2004 RE-ELECTION PROSPECTS!**

NEXT ISSUE: GET READY FOR MORE **HEART-STOPPING ACTION!** (ALTHOUGH IN **DICK CHENEY'S** CASE, THAT COULD MEAN BENDING OVER TO PICK UP HIS KEYS.) THE **PORTFOLIO-PULVERIZING EXCITEMENT** CONTINUES NEXT MONTH, IN **CORPORATE FRAUD TASK FORCE #2!**
YOU'RE EITHER WITH US, OR AGAINST US!



Duke Bissell's TALES OF UNDISPUTED INTEREST

MY ANNUAL CAMPING TRIP WAS FAST APPROACHING SO I THOUGHT I'D GO DO A LITTLE SHOPPING.

YOU CAN SLEEP EIGHT TO TEN HOURS IN THIS BABY, NO PROBLEM.



JUST WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO DEPART I DISCOVERED THE FRONT DOOR WAS JAMMED.

I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE USED THAT DOUBLE THICK SELF-SEALING PAINT.



SO I HAD TO SETTLE DOWN AND MAKE THE BEST OF IT IN MY LIVING ROOM.

THESE BEANS SMELL LIKE BURNING CARPET.



BUT SOON EVEN THAT WAS A DISAPPOINTMENT.

I HOPE YOU HAVE HOME OWNER'S INSURANCE BECAUSE WE DON'T HAVE ANY WATER.

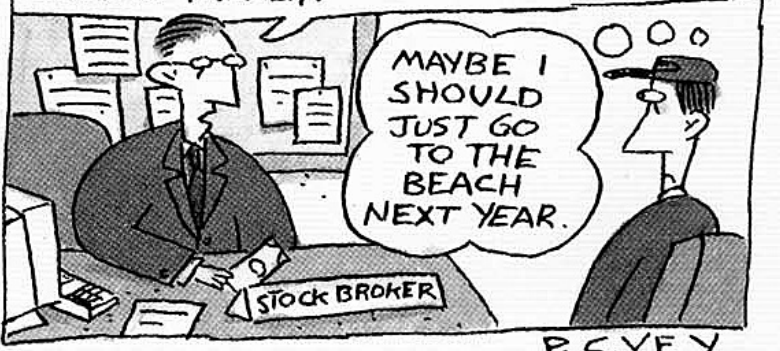


JUST SO IT WOULDN'T BE A TOTAL LOSS I TRIED SELLING THE FEW THINGS I COULD SALVAGE ON E-BAY.



EVENTUALLY, I RECOUPED SOME OF MY LOSSES AND DECIDED TO INVEST IT FOR NEXT YEAR'S CAMPING TRIP.

I COULD INVEST THIS FOR YOU BUT I'D PROBABLY JUST LOSE IT LIKE I'VE LOST ALL MY OTHER CLIENTS' MONEY.



P.C. VEY

A **B** FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



A B



The probing, the digital exams with Vaseline-coated latex gloves, opening wide...no, we're not talking about tonight's lineup on the Playboy Channel! It seems TV audiences just can't get enough of medical programs, even when the cast of "doctors" is nothing but a bunch of...

[S C

I'm O.D.! Actually, I'm DOCTOR O.D., a fresh-out-of medical school resident at a small metropolitan hospital! Don't be worried by my constant look of terror and fear that reveals I'm terribly inexperienced and have gotten myself in way over my head — after all, that same look hasn't hurt the President! True, I'm not like other doctors... you've heard of M.D.s who faint at the sight of blood? I faint at the sight of flesh! Anyway, I'm going to switch into voice-over mode now as I do in every episode! I'll start by introducing the members of the hospital staff...

This is Doctor Throb Hellshow, Chief of Medicine! His gruff, judgmental exterior hides a caring professional inside...

Like hell it does! My gruff, judgmental exterior hides a gruff, judgmental INTERIOR! Think of me as a kindly, old country physician — in the same way you'd think of Dr. Kevorkian as a kindly, old country physician!



Priss Jerk here is my old medical school buddy!

We did go to medical school together, but I studied to be a surgeon so I wouldn't have to listen to O.D.'s moronic voice-overs during classes! I'm proof that African-American surgeons have come a long way — in the days of segregation, I wouldn't have been permitted to operate on the wrong limb or carve my initials into a patient like white surgeons could...now I can! If that's not living Dr. King's dream, I don't know what is!

4

WRITER: CHARLIE KADAU

Enough with the gruff, judgmental exterior already! Your voice-overs suck as much as your hairstyle! Why am I angry? Because I'm a veteran nurse with more on-the-job experience than they have, yet it's my responsibility to show these new doctors respect, knowing that in five years I'll be in this same low-paying job while these idiots are debating which beach house to buy in Malibu!

DON'T
SAY IT!

I've wanted to be a doctor since I was a little girl! Some people say I was so fixated on becoming an M.D. that I totally ignored my social life! But other women I admire, like Camille Paglia, Rosie O'Donnell and Ellen DeGeneres concentrated on their careers first too! Now that they've made it, I'm sure they'll find nice men and get married! Or am I missing something?

Hey America, Cheer up!



We haven't done much about Osama bin Laden and the Anthrax terrorists, but we nailed the greatest evil-doer of our time: Martha Stewart!



Now that there's talk of having an HIV-positive character on *Sesame Street*, we might look forward to an incurable, life-threatening illness for Barney!



Americans will be able to conduct their search for terrorist activity with no distractions now that John Ashcroft has covered up the bare breasts of D.C. statues.



It'll be fun watching Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson and other self-appointed morality leaders explain how forced religious indoctrination in our public schools will magically instill old-fashioned values in kids...when it obviously didn't do much for many priests!





Now that scientists are using rat genes in their genetic fruits and vegetables, we'll no longer have to eat fast food to get our daily minimum requirement of rodent by-products.



Global warming means that we might not have to suffer through another corrupt, boring Winter Olympics.



The idea of a secret shadow government sounds ominous, but it might be more competent than the one run by the current nest of clods.



The same cinematic technology that allowed Steven Spielberg to replace shotguns with walkie-talkies in *E.T.* could allow producers to replace Martin Lawrence with Groucho Marx, Ben Affleck with Cary Grant and Heather Graham with Grace Kelly!



The odds are really, really, really, really good that there won't be a *Baretta* reunion special.



As we've pointed out in previous articles, when priests, nuns, clowns or teachers go bad, it's an ill omen for society in general. However, nothing compares to the damage inflicted to the psyches and souls of those who entrust their beloved companion animals to pet specialists who have turned to the dark side. Before you schedule that distemper booster for little "Claudette," be sure you realize what can happen...

WHEN VETERINARIANS GO BAD

ARTIST AND WRITER:
JOHN CALDWELL



In his free time, he's a corner cut man at cockfights.

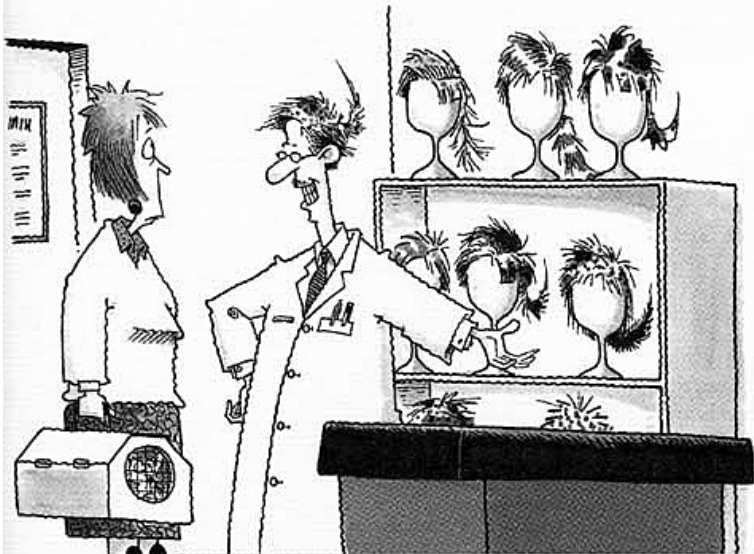


Has a disturbing business relationship with the Chinese restaurant next door.

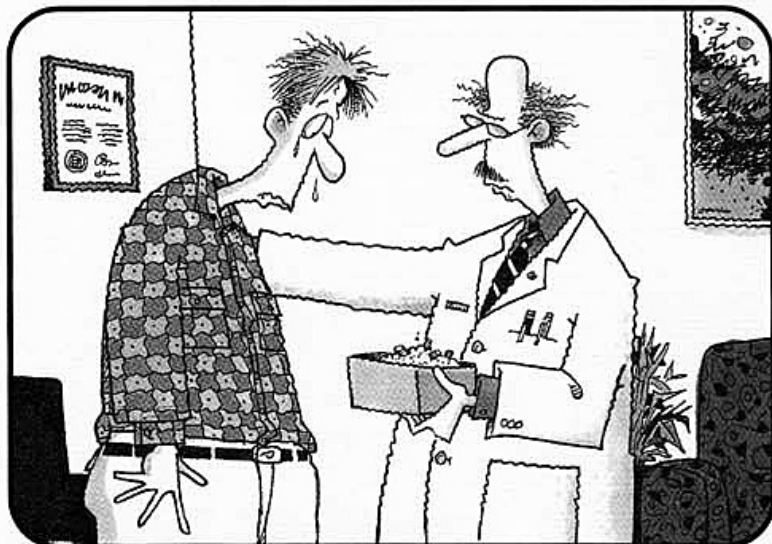


A certificate on his wall proudly acknowledges that he's the one vet in five who doesn't recommend a heart-healthy diet for dogs.





He has an unsettling array of toupees.



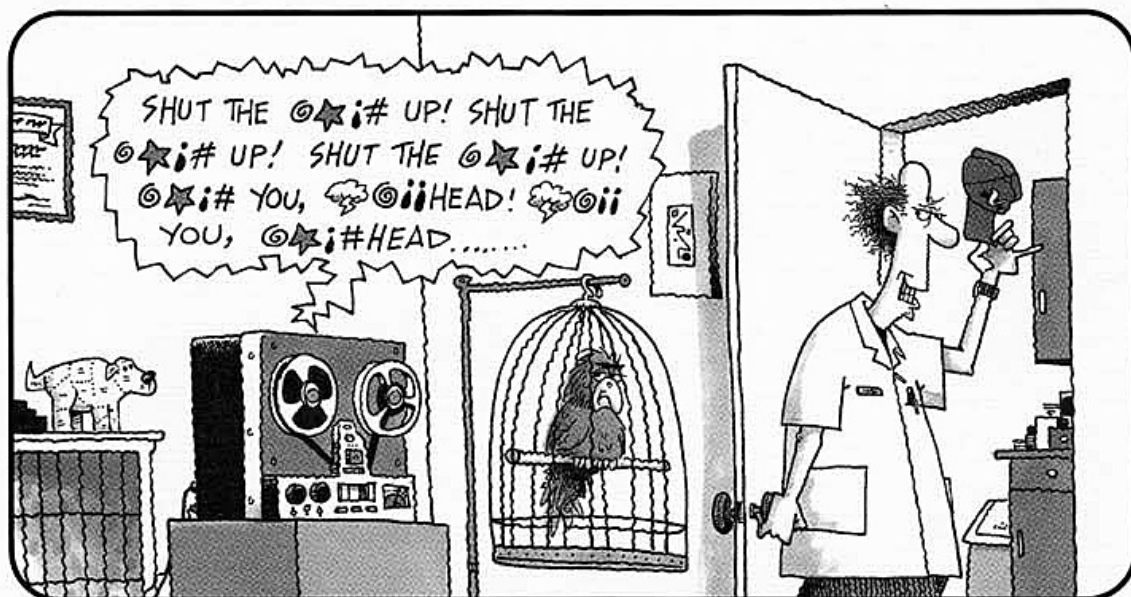
Those \$379.00 "cremated" remains of "Pookey" are actually just a carton of smoked Marlboros and some scratch-off lottery ticket shavings.



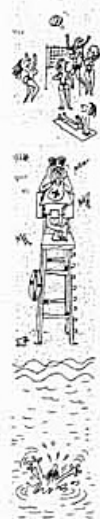
Those grizzly photos of animal abuse on the PETA website? He's in every one of them grinning like a mayor at a groundbreaking ceremony.



He becomes known for recommending unnecessary, expensive cosmetic surgery.



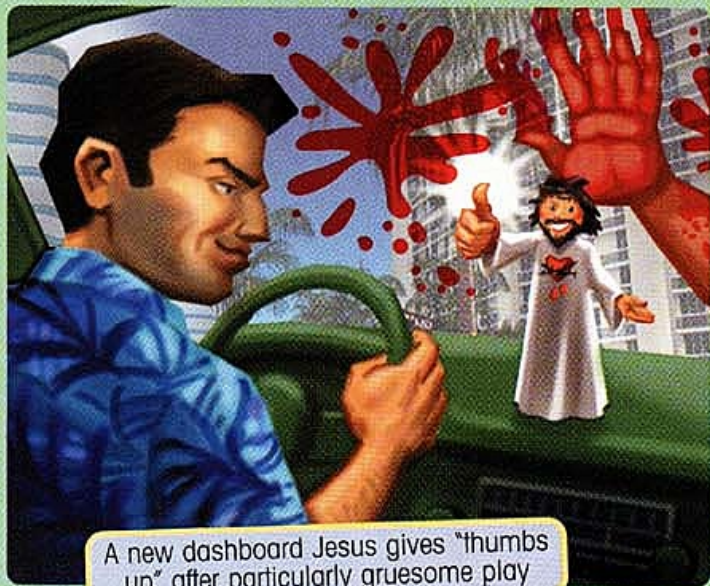
Keeping a parrot overnight for "observation" is just an excuse to drum a 12-hour tape loop of dirty phrases into the bird's head.





Grand Theft Auto: Vice City may have just hit the shelves, but the games' designers (those providers of wholesome fun for the entire family) are already trying to top it. For the latest sequel, they're pulling out all the stops to give their psychotic fans a product more violent than a Mike Tyson press conference. Even so, next time gamers may finally get the full carnage and mayhem they so richly deserve (despite what their therapists say). Don't believe us? Then check out some of these...

heart-stopping new improvements



A new dashboard Jesus gives "thumbs up" after particularly gruesome play



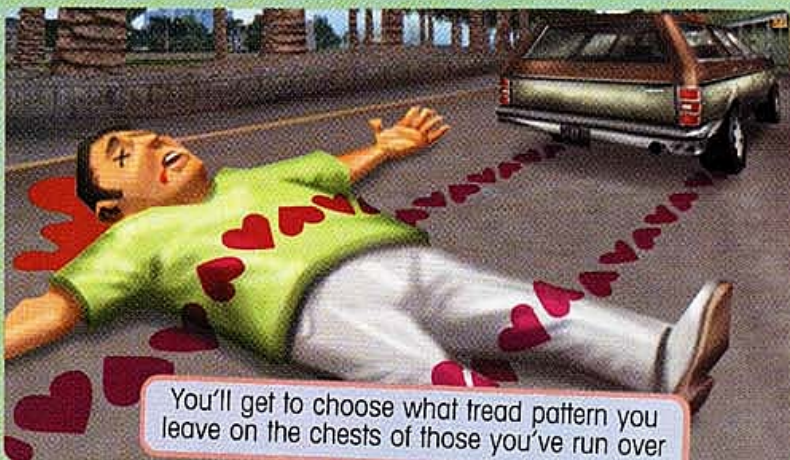
The sports stadium has been torn down and replaced by one with more luxury boxes added at taxpayer expense



All hijacked vehicles will come equipped with a cupholder

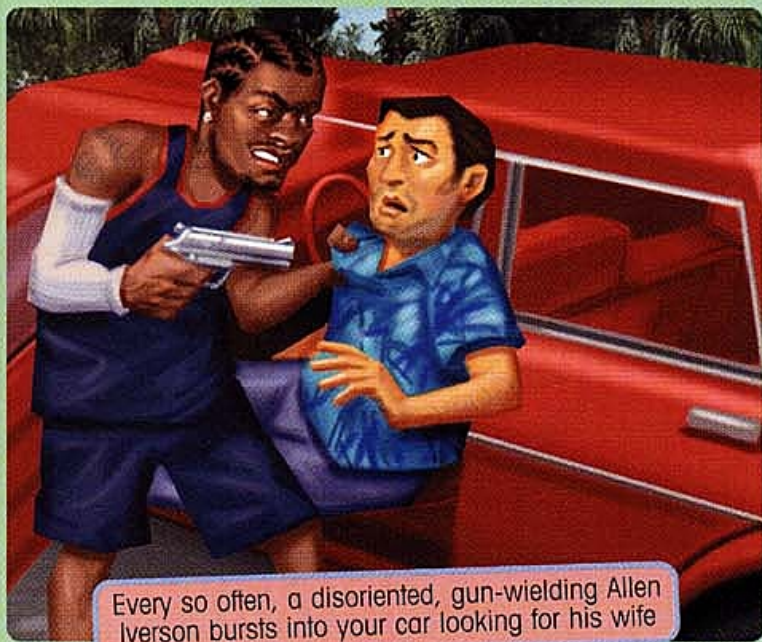


To add more chaos and vandalism, Vice City will be hosting a World Trade Organization meeting (and its protesters)



You'll get to choose what tread pattern you leave on the chests of those you've run over

Planned for the next grand theft auto



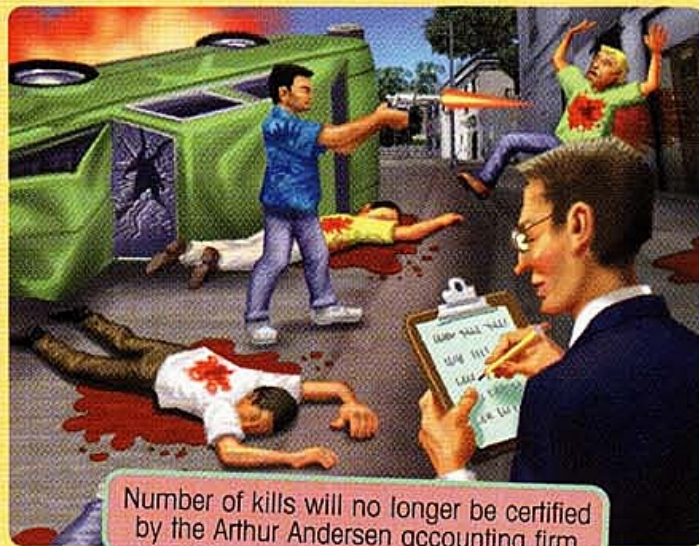
Every so often, a disoriented, gun-wielding Allen Iverson bursts into your car looking for his wife



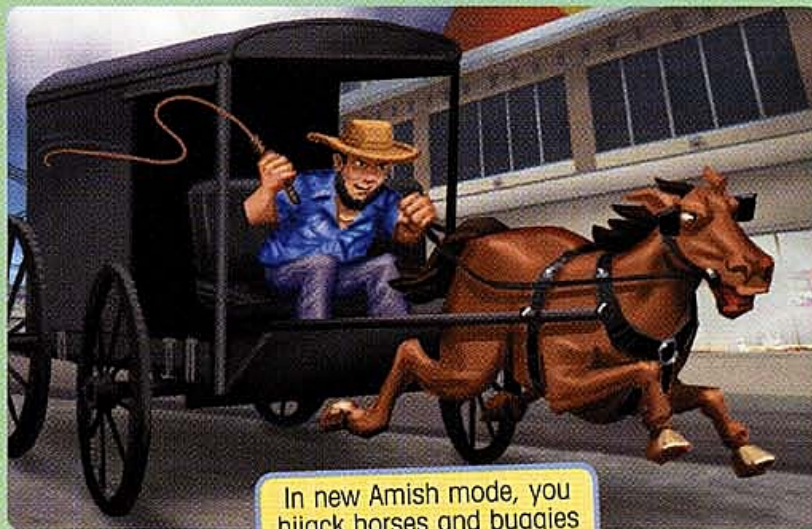
Long stretches of highway will now be sponsored by Bette Midler



In new cross-licensing deal, all carnage will be quickly wiped up by an animated SpongeBob SquarePants



Number of kills will no longer be certified by the Arthur Andersen accounting firm



In new Amish mode, you hijack horses and buggies



The outrageous antics of Eminem have always drawn even more attention than his actual music, so we were absolutely horrified to discover how utterly tame and conventional his heavily-hyped movie debut turned out to be. *8 Mile* was nothing more than a hip hop "sampling" of such hit films as *Rocky*, *Saturday Night Fever*, *Purple Rain* and even, in its "misfits get revenge on their bullies" plotline, *Revenge of the Nerds*! The REAL Slim Shady was nowhere to be found in the final cut of the movie. But when we volunteered to help good ol' Marshall Mathers in "cleaning out his closet," sure enough, we discovered these...

SHOCKING, UNCENSORED OUTTAKES from EMINEM'S 8 Mile

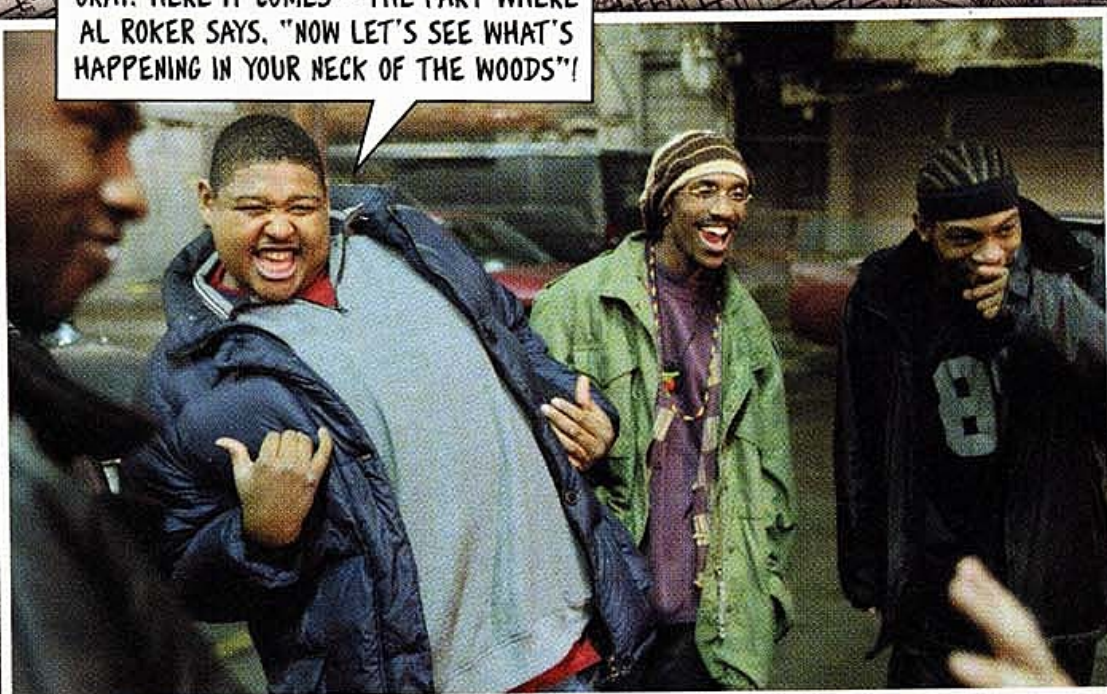


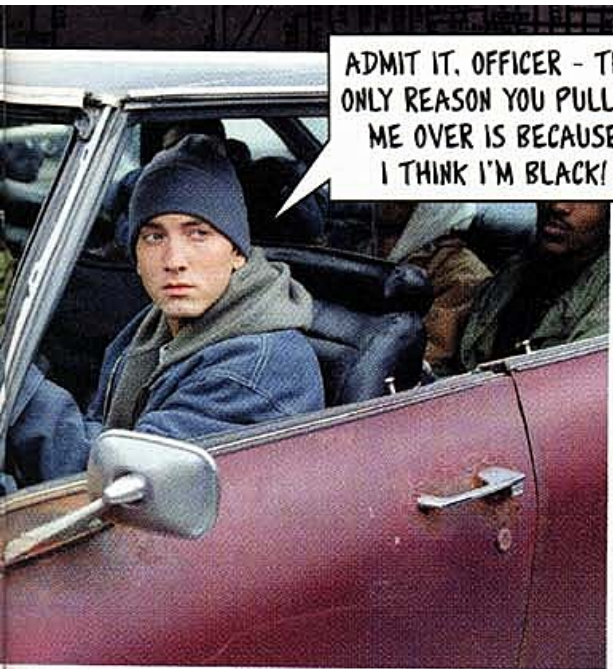
LET'S SEE... WHAT RHYMES WITH
"MAINSTREAM SELL-OUT"?

WRITER: GREG LEITMAN

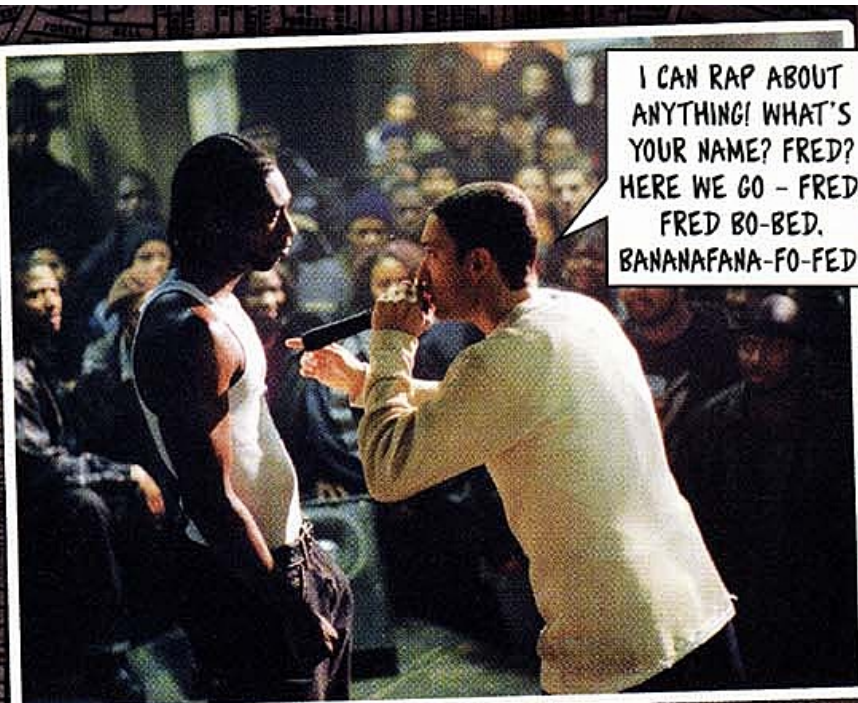
HEY! YOU OWE ME \$5 - I WAS ABLE TO
ACT MY WAY OUT OF THIS PLASTIC BAG!

OKAY. HERE IT COMES - THE PART WHERE
AL ROKER SAYS, "NOW LET'S SEE WHAT'S
HAPPENING IN YOUR NECK OF THE WOODS"!





ADMIT IT, OFFICER - THE ONLY REASON YOU PULLED ME OVER IS BECAUSE I THINK I'M BLACK!



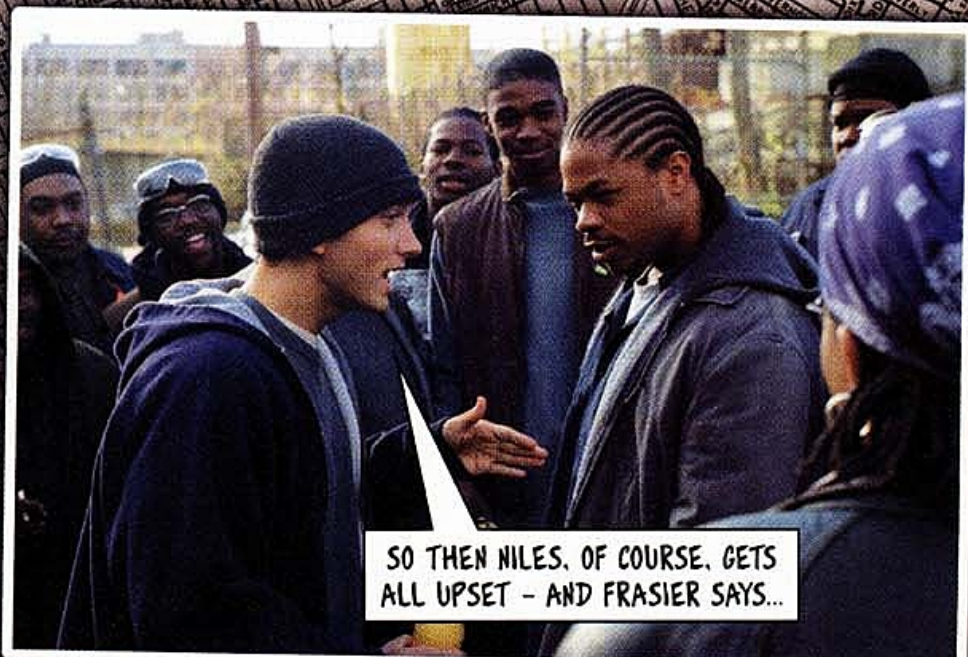
I CAN RAP ABOUT ANYTHING! WHAT'S YOUR NAME? FRED? HERE WE GO - FRED. FRED BO-BED. BANANAFANA-FO-FED!



I CAST A HOTTIE LIKE YOU IN THIS PART SO MY MOTHER WOULD STOP SUING MY ASS FOR DEFAMATION!



PRETENDING TO BE BLACK HAS FINALLY BACKFIRED ON ME - THIS RACIST DRIVER IS MAKING ME SIT IN THE BACK OF THE BUS!

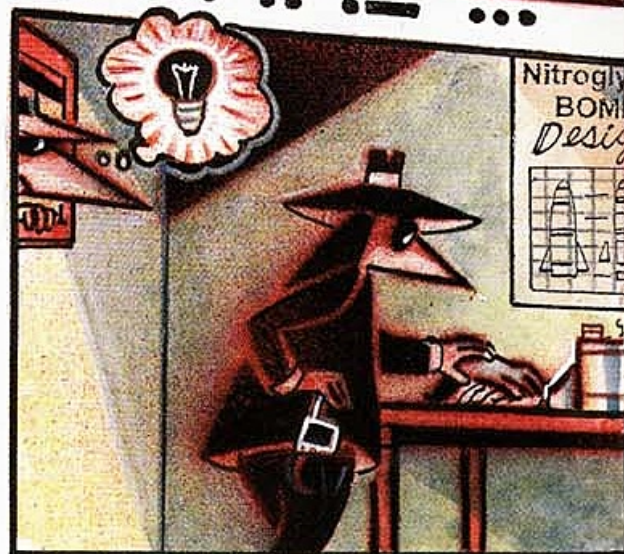


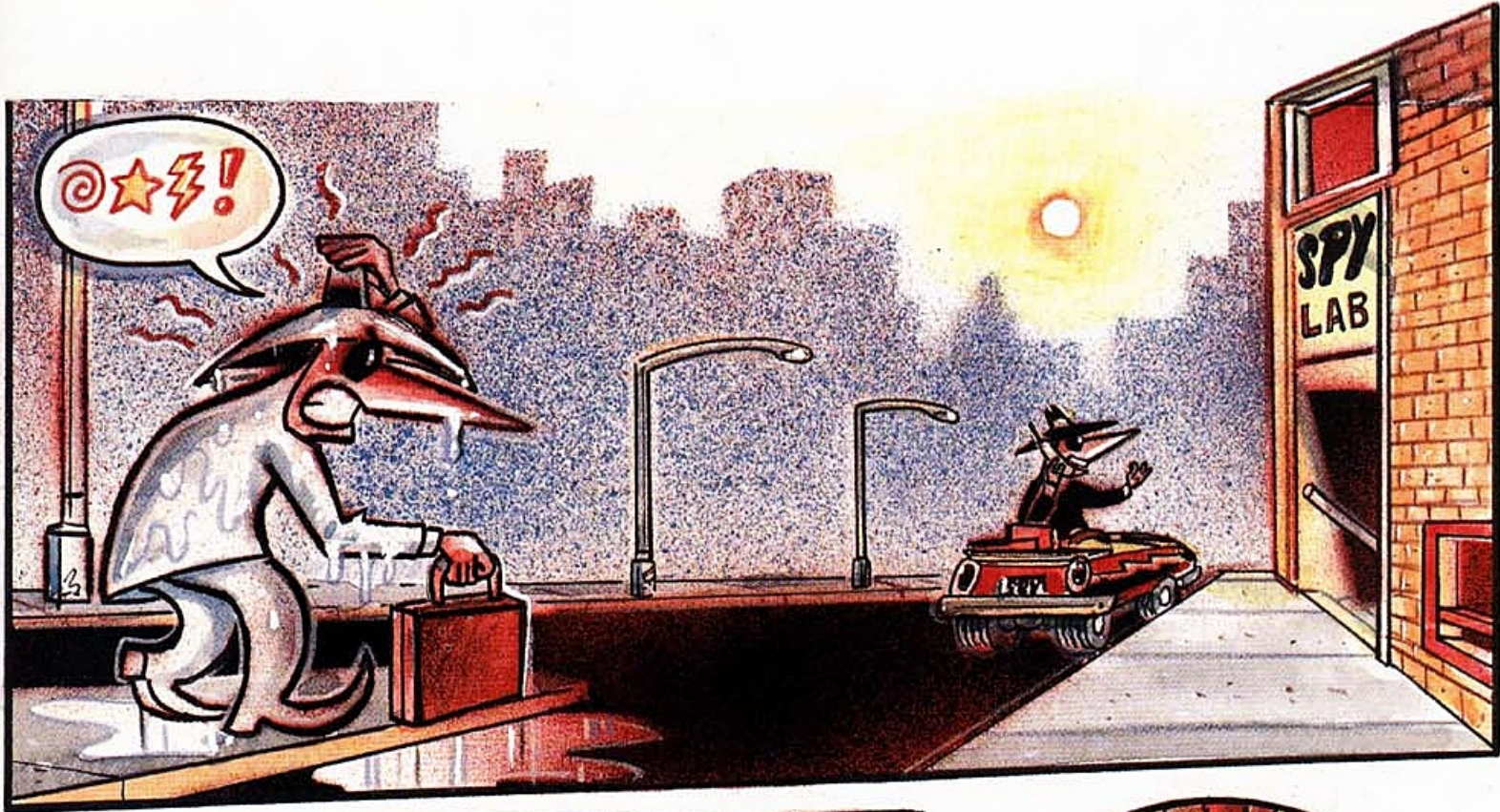
SO THEN NILES, OF COURSE, GETS ALL UPSET - AND FRASIER SAYS...



SPY VS

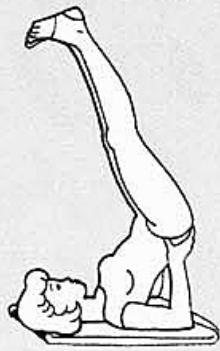
SPY





KUPER

THE YOGA POSITION



Shoulder Stand



Putting on tight jeans



Child Pose



**Playing dead during a
school shooting**



Folded Pose



**Falling asleep while pulling
all-nighters during finals week**



Cow Arms



**Trying to get something
off your back**

THE YOGA POSITION



Tree Pose



Eagle Pose



Supine Twist



Lotus Pose

THE REAL LIFE EQUIVALENT



Holding it in on a long public restroom line



Riding the subway at rush hour



Retrieving remote from under sofa

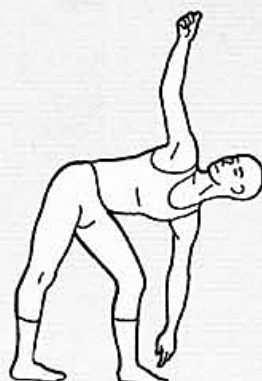


Sitting in back seat of an economy car

THE YOGA POSITION



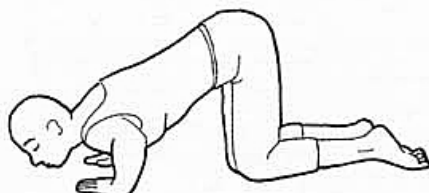
Standing Half Lotus



Extended Triangle



Chair Pose



Swan Pose

THE REAL LIFE EQUIVALENT



Checking to see what you've stepped in



Pumping gas from wrong side



Squatting over a nasty public toilet while holding door with broken latch closed



Kissing American soil after returning from Afghanistan/Israel/Pakistan/France



The smell of the Astroturf. The roar of the crowd. The gridiron is heating up, it's...

Monty

and...



THE SUPER BOWL

ARE YOU
NUTS?
THOSE GUYS ARE
A FOOTBALL
MACHINE!

WHO
CARES?
FOOTBALL
SUCKS.

SUCKS?!!

THAT'S IT! THE
BOY'S BOUND FOR
BALLERINAVILLE
AGAIN! THIS CALLS
FOR DESPERATE
ACTION!

YOU'RE
LEAVING US
AGAIN?

EVEN
BETTER!
WE'RE GOING
TO THE SUPER
BOWL!

THE SUPER BOWL?

IF WE WANT TO HANG OUT
WITH A BUNCH OF DRUNKEN,
SCREAMING LUNATICS, WE
CAN JUST STAY HOME.

YOU JUST
LOST ONE
BATHROOM
BREAK, WANNA
GO FOR TWO?

KEEP DREAMING,
POPS! NO, WE'RE ON OUR
WAY TO GET A HEALTHY
DOSE OF MUCH NEEDED
TESTOSTERONE.

I DON'T
CARE WHAT IT
IS, AS LONG AS
IT STOPS MY
GUMS FROM
BLEEDING.

NOW, I DON'T KNOW
A LOT ABOUT FOOTBALL,
BUT I DO KNOW TV, AND THIS
THING ISN'T SUPPOSED TO
BE ON UNTIL SUNDAY.

YOU'RE
RIGHT FOR
ONCE.

WELL WHY
ARE WE DRIVING
THERE ON
TUESDAY?

AN OLD
MOTTO OF
MINE, "NEVER
MISS ONE DAY OF
WORK WHEN YOU
CAN MISS FOUR."

DAD,
YOU HAVEN'T
WORKED IN EIGHT
MONTHS.

OLD
HABITS DIE
HARD.

YEAH,
BUT I THOUGHT
YOU SAID THOSE
AFC **PUSSES**
COULDN'T COVER
THE SPREAD IF THEY
WERE DRIVING
HUMVEES ON
THE FIELD.

MAYBE
I SHOULD
CRAM THAT
BRAUT UP
YOUR
HUMVEE!

**MAKE YOUR
MOVE, LOUIE
ANDERSON!**

THERE'S
NOTHING LIKE THE
UNADULTERATED
LEVEL OF WONDERFUL
VIOLENCE THAT GOES
HAND IN HAND WITH
THIS GREAT
GAME.

GOD BLESS
AMERICA.

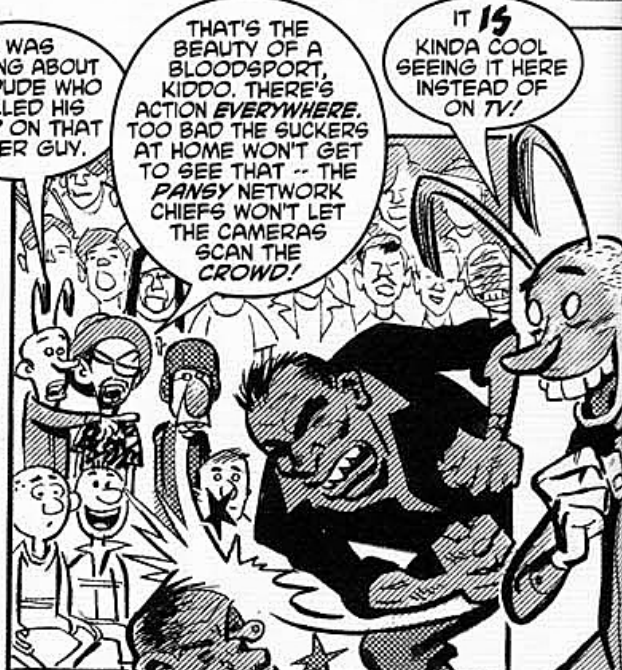
WHERE'D
YOU LEARN
HOW TO USE A
CAMPING STOVE
ON A PERSON
LIKE THAT?

USED TO WORK IN A
SPORTING GOODS STORE. KEPT
THE CUSTOMERS IN CHECK.



PLEASE RISE FOR THE SINGING OF THE NATIONAL ANTHEM BY AMERICA'S FAVORITE SON, **ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER**. FOLLOWING MR. SCHWARZENEGGER, THERE WILL BE A FLY-OVER OF F-14s FOLLOWED BY A MOCK INVASION BY A UNIT OF NAVY SEALS FOLLOWED BY...

I REMEMBER WHEN THEY WOULD JUST SING THE DAMN SONG.



HOW ABOUT A **PSYCHO-LOOKING SCALPER** DRAGGING A PORT-O-POTTY DOOR?

WELL, THERE IS THAT.

GOOD SNAP. OH NO! GREEN SHANKS IT!

THE BALL IS LOOSE, IT'S SCOOPED UP!

RACING ALONG THE SIDELINES, ONE MAN TO BEAT...

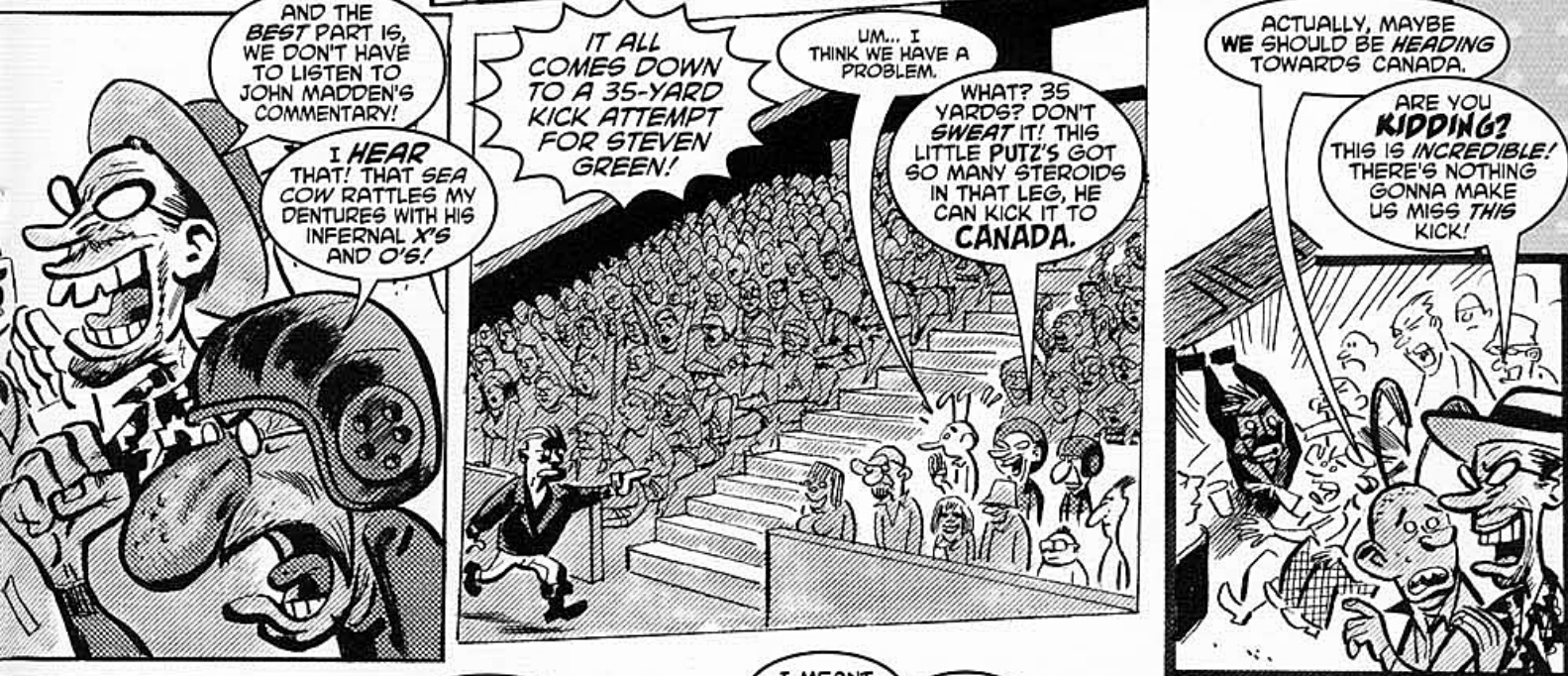
LEAP!

GRAB!

...AND A TREMENDOUS BLOCK!

...AND THAT'S IT, GAME OVER...

...HE'S GONE!





Last fall, a report came out that Iraqi President Saddam Hussein hasn't ventured out of hiding in years and, instead, uses body doubles for public appearances. How'd you like to be an actor who lands THAT gig? "Hello, Mom? Guess what! All that money you spent on Yale Drama School wasn't wasted! I got work! I'm playing a evil international war criminal and despot! The pay's pretty good, and it'll hold me over until I get that callback for the Nissan commercial." So now, through an exclusive National Security Council source (okay, one of our interns is Condoleezza Rice's nephew), we've unearthed...

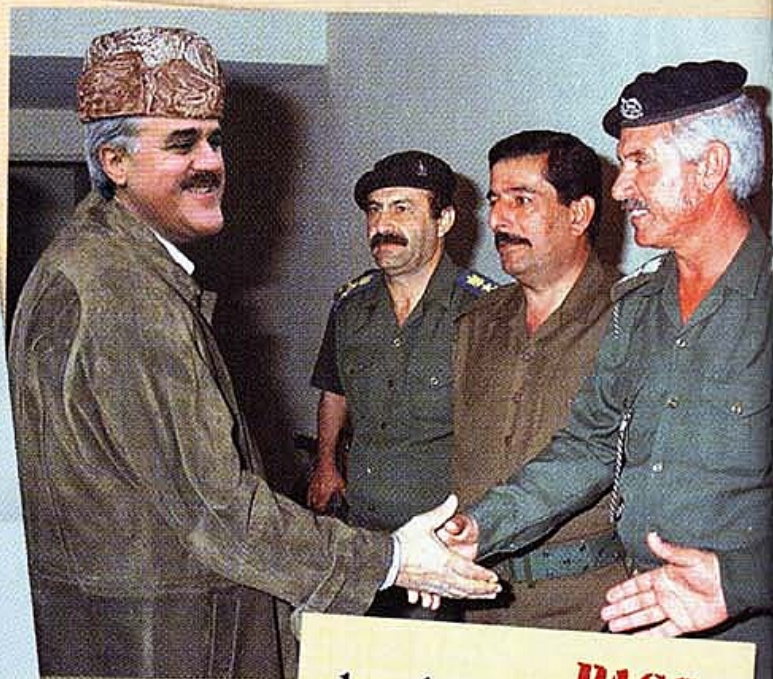
REJECTED THE SADDAM



TO: President Saddam Hussein
FROM: Ali El-Elamin, Chief of Presidential Security
RE: Body Doubles

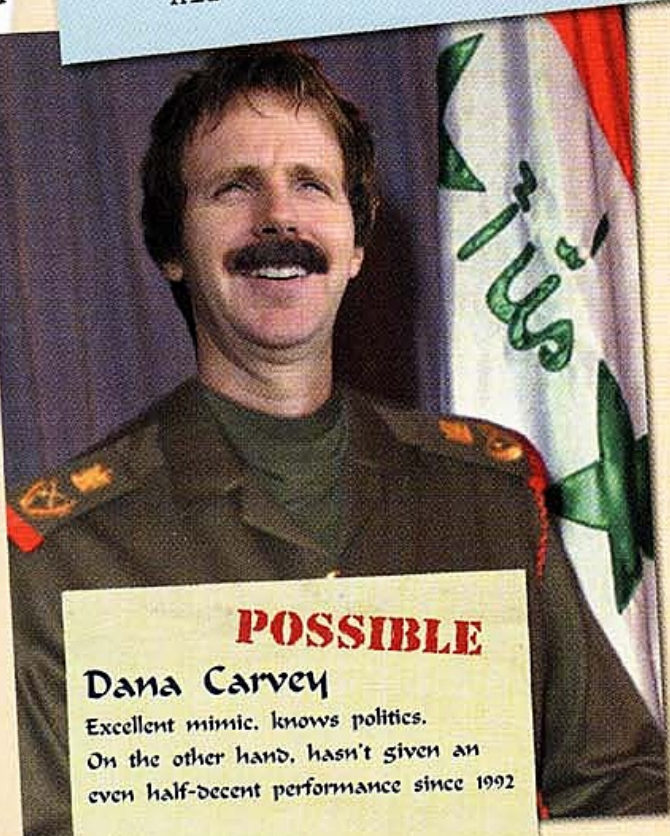
Sir: I just wanted to update you on the latest search for candidates to add to the body double pool. As you can see, we have conducted an exhaustive search, but so far, not much has come up. We will press on, but in the meantime, I beg for your patience. Please don't gas me and have my family tortured.

Your loyal servant,
Ali



Jay Leno **PASS**

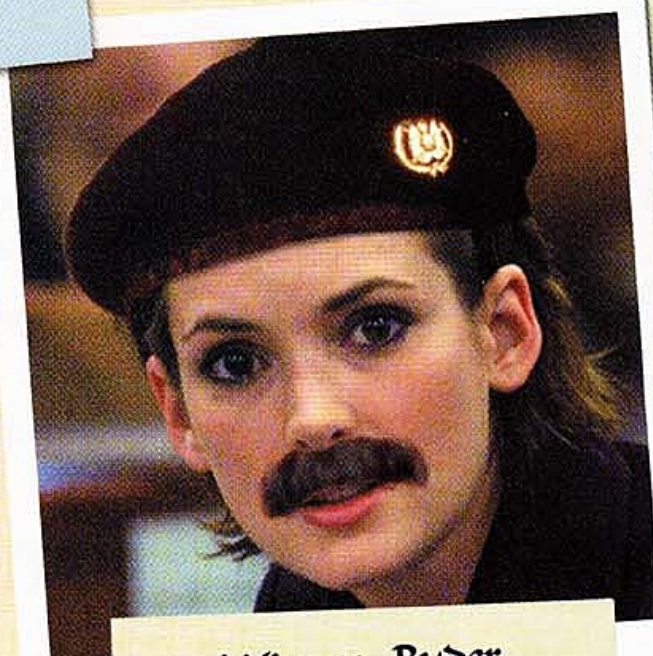
Would insist on running through crowd and shaking everyone's hands at official state functions



POSSIBLE

Dana Carvey

Excellent mimic, knows politics. On the other hand, hasn't given an even half-decent performance since 1992



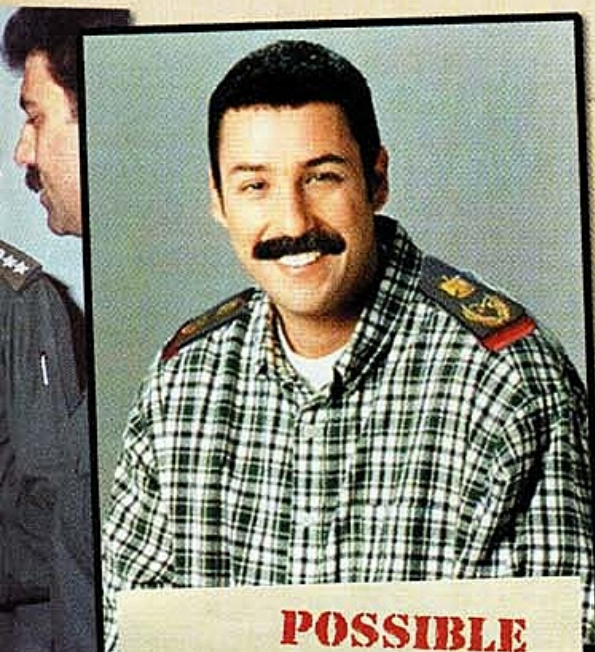
Winona Ryder

PRO: Has shown real talent and enthusiasm for covert, sneaky actions

CON: May steal all the pens from the office supply closet

HUSSEIN

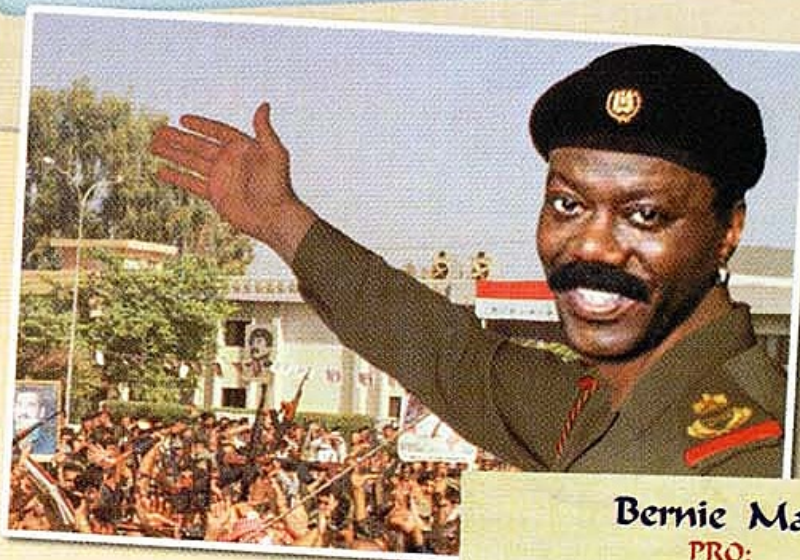
یغاظبده دثبده



POSSIBLE

Adam Sandler

Kind of has the haircut; also, might be willing to write "The Ramadan Song" citing American celebrities not generally known to be Islamic



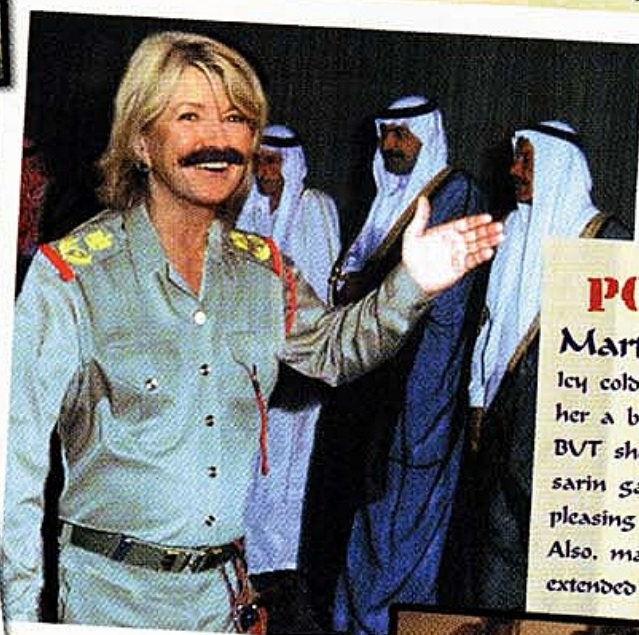
Bernie Mac

PRO:

Already has the moustache.
Lots of charisma.

CON:

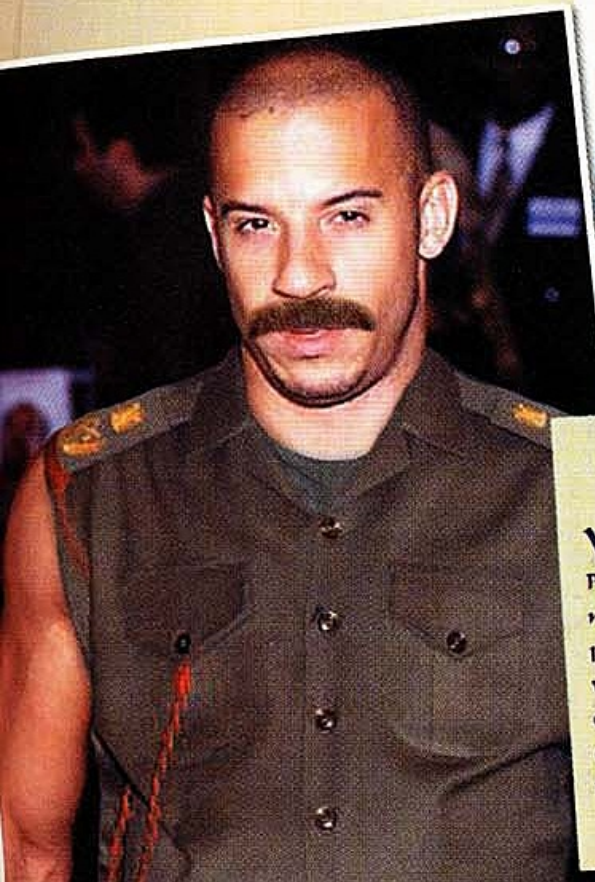
Might insist on saying "S'up dog?" at official functions



POSSIBLE

Martha Stewart

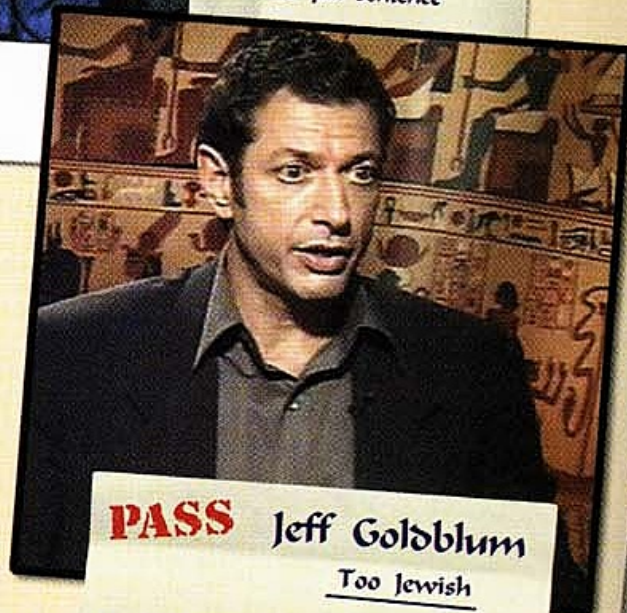
Icy cold demeanor makes her a believable dictator
BUT she might augment sarin gas supply with pleasing potpourri scent.
Also, may soon be serving extended jail sentence



PASS

Vin Diesel

Portraying Saddam means appearing at public events and waving your hand convincingly — too much of an acting challenge for Mr. Diesel



PASS

Jeff Goldblum

Too Jewish

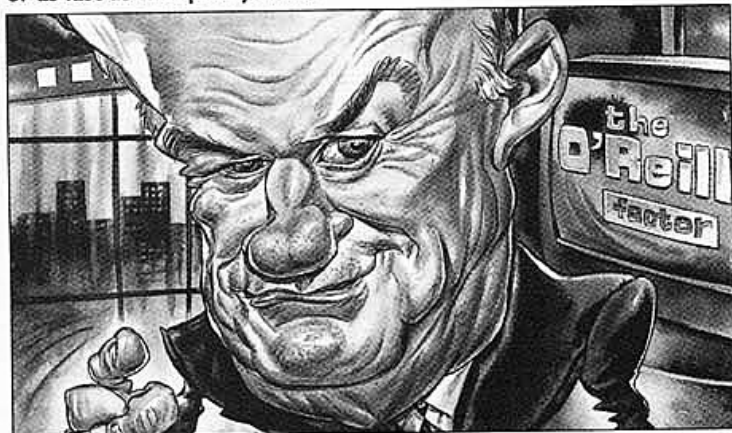


A few issues ago, we here at MAD debuted a new, muckraking series in which we debunked the popular myth that TV talk shows are free-wheeling, unrehearsed forums. Our research proved that all talk shows are actually over-planned, tightly-scripted snore-fests. We've already turned our spotlight on *The Tonight Show With Jay Leno*, and *Late Show with David Letterman*. We now continue our series with...

MAD De TV Talks

8:00

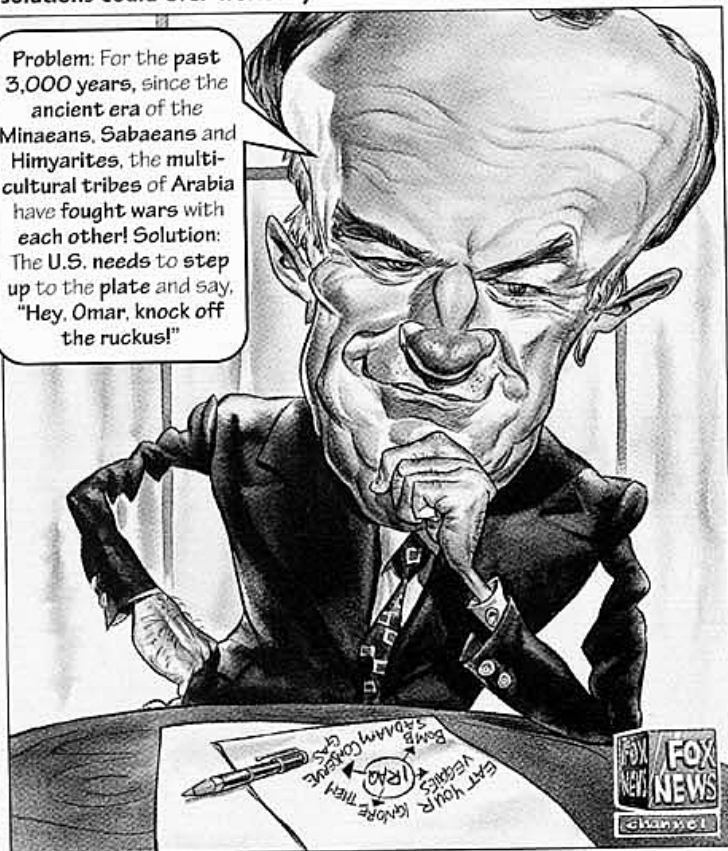
Bill O'Reilly previews the show, saying, "You're about to enter a no-spin zone." In the next fifty-nine and a half minutes, nothing else that's said by anyone will spin half as hard or as fast as that phony intro.



8:01

In his "Talking Points," O'Reilly tackles a complicated situation and breaks it down into a simple format that even a second-grader could understand. Unfortunately, you have to be in the second grade to think that O'Reilly's simplistic solutions could ever work anywhere.

Problem: For the past 3,000 years, since the ancient era of the Minaeans, Sabaeans and Himyarites, the multi-cultural tribes of Arabia have fought wars with each other! **Solution:** The U.S. needs to step up to the plate and say, "Hey, Omar, knock off the ruckus!"



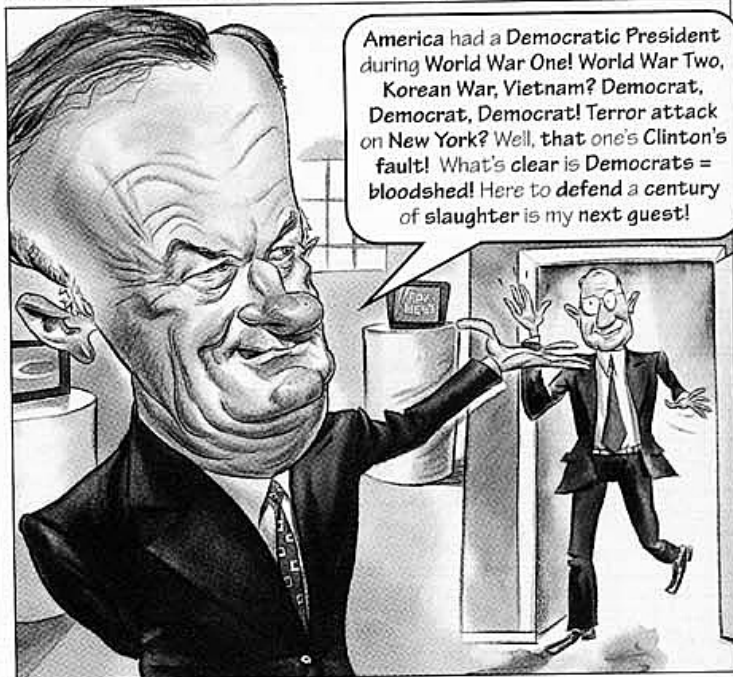
8:05

O'Reilly proves he's not just another GOP parrot by blasting the execs who rigged the Enron collapse. (Deftly, Bill avoids mentioning the brilliant idea he was advocating two months before that, about dumping Social Security funds onto the stock market. If anyone had actually listened to his tirade, millions of retirees across the country would now be boiling their worthless retirement portfolios for soup.)



8:12

The parade of talking heads begins. Unlike the usual FOX News fare, O'Reilly permits EVERY side of the political spectrum to have its say. Of course, most Liberals get to be guests on *The O'Reilly Factor* for the same reason that enemy soldiers get to be in Duke Nukem video games.



constructs

hows

The THIS MONTH: O'REILLY [FACTOR]

8:21

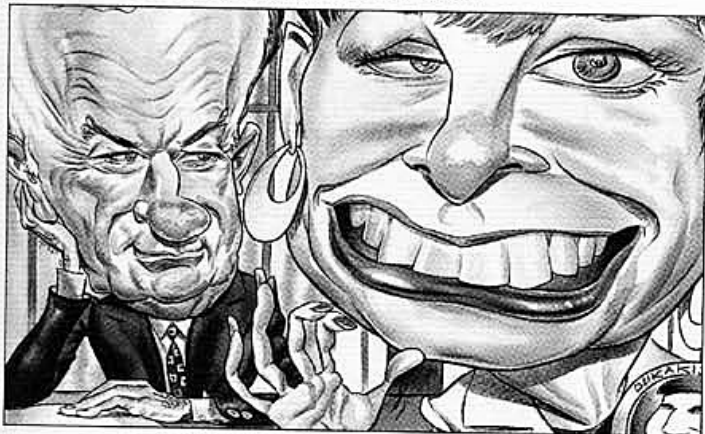
O'Reilly does another segment in his one-man anti-Jesse Jackson crusade, hammering this important, deeply relevant 21st-century political figure.

We've invited this disgraceful, money-stealing fraud onto our program! For some unknown reason, he refuses to come! It's like I said yesterday, last week, the week before that, and every week since we went on the air: his message is old! Since I can't undermine Jackson any further, I'd like to speak out strongly against other crucial issues of the day such as gasohol, Skylab, Geraldine Ferraro, and Sting breaking up the Police!



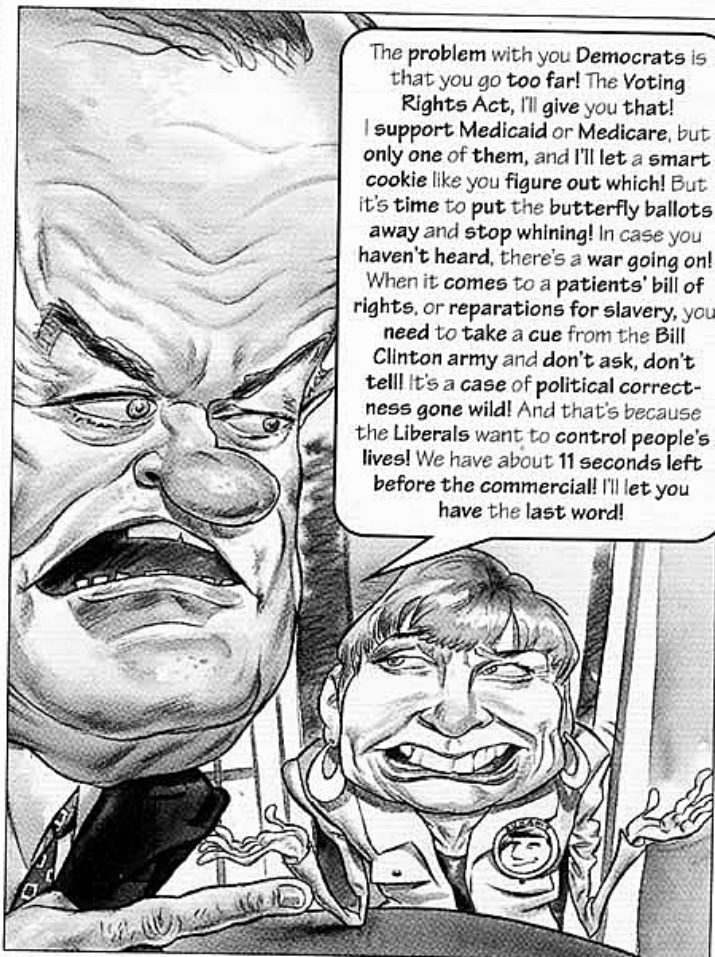
8:28

Another token Liberal buffoon is trotted out to be O'Reilly's daily whack-a-mole. Anyone who's willing to argue in favor of government vouchers for strip clubs, an all-lesbian army, making Michael Dukakis' birthday a national holiday, or whatever imaginary cause it takes to get the producer's attention, can get prime air time.



8:28:20

After allowing the liberal goofball two sentences, O'Reilly spins lengthy, elaborate scenarios complete with diabolical motives, then challenges his confused guest to "respond."



The problem with you Democrats is that you go too far! The Voting Rights Act, I'll give you that! I support Medicaid or Medicare, but only one of them, and I'll let a smart cookie like you figure out which! But it's time to put the butterfly ballots away and stop whining! In case you haven't heard, there's a war going on! When it comes to a patients' bill of rights, or reparations for slavery, you need to take a cue from the Bill Clinton army and don't ask, don't tell! It's a case of political correctness gone wild! And that's because the Liberals want to control people's lives! We have about 11 seconds left before the commercial! I'll let you have the last word!

8:30

Bill takes another one of his courageous stances by assailing the latest Eminem CD. O'Reilly isn't afraid to step on anybody's toes, even if it costs him every single FOX News junkie who also bought *The Eminem Show*. And that could be as many as two viewers.





Grand Theft Auto: Vice City is getting a lot of criticism — and, surprisingly, none of it is over the suck-awful '80s soundtrack. Apparently, some people are outraged by the random, graphic violence and unprovoked vehicular manslaughter (funny how no one was this appalled when *Frogger* came out). Still, even if you can't wait to get your hands on the game, there are going to be plenty of people standing in your way. And just like in *Vice City*, it helps to know exactly who's against you...

WHO'S WHO IN THE ARMY OF PROTESTERS AGAINST grand theft auto *vice city*



ONE TWO THREE FOUR
VICE CITY GOTTA GO!

Jackass cast members,
jealous as hell over having
to share the "Young Male
Bonehead" demographic!

Politicians thrilled to have
something to rant and rave
about that doesn't matter
unlike the economy or terrorism!

NO AXIS OF EVIL
IN OUR HOMES

IT'S AN
OUTRAGE!

The Cuban-and Haitian-Druglord
Anti-Defamation League!

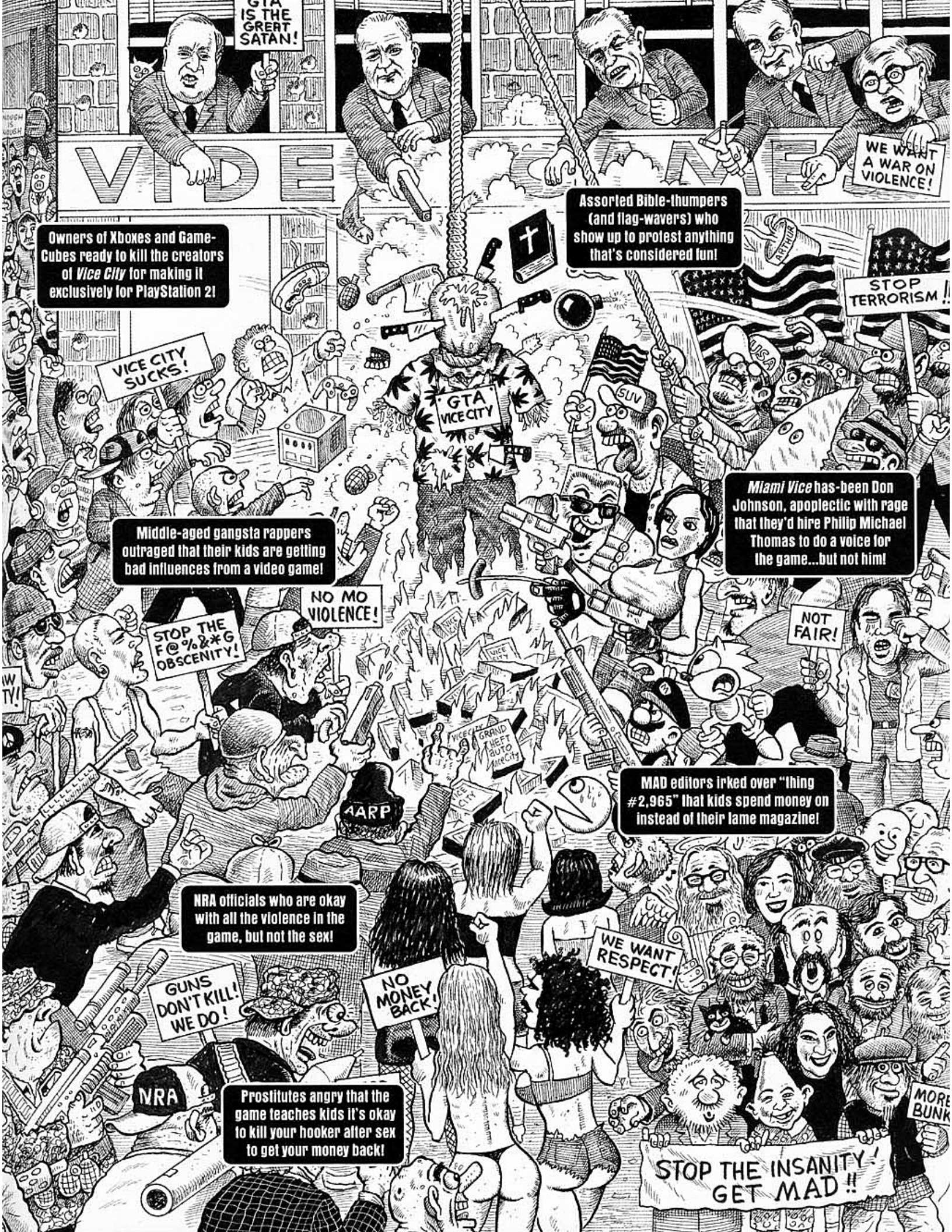
Priests hoping to
take some of the
heat off themselves!

PROTECT OUR
INNOCENT
CHILDREN

The *only* underage gamer in
the country a retailer refused
to sell a copy of *Vice City* to
because of its M-rating!

STOP
UNDERAGE
DISCRIMINATION

ARTIST:
TOM BUNK
WRITER:
MIKE SNIDER



GTA IS THE GREAT SATAN!

WE WANT A WAR ON VIOLENCE!

Owners of Xboxes and Game-Cubes ready to kill the creators of Vice City for making it exclusively for PlayStation 2!

Assorted Bible-thumpers (and flag-wavers) who show up to protest anything that's considered fun!

VICE CITY SUCKS!

STOP TERRORISM!!

Middle-aged gangsta rappers outraged that their kids are getting bad influences from a video game!

Miami Vice has-been Don Johnson, apoplectic with rage that they'd hire Philip Michael Thomas to do a voice for the game...but not him!

STOP THE F@%&*G OBSCENITY!

NO MO VIOLENCE!

NOT FAIR!

MAD editors irked over "thing #2,965" that kids spend money on instead of their lame magazine!

NRA officials who are okay with all the violence in the game, but not the sex!

GUNS DON'T KILL! WE DO!

NO MONEY BACK!

WE WANT RESPECT!

Prostitutes angry that the game teaches kids it's okay to kill your hooker after sex to get your money back!

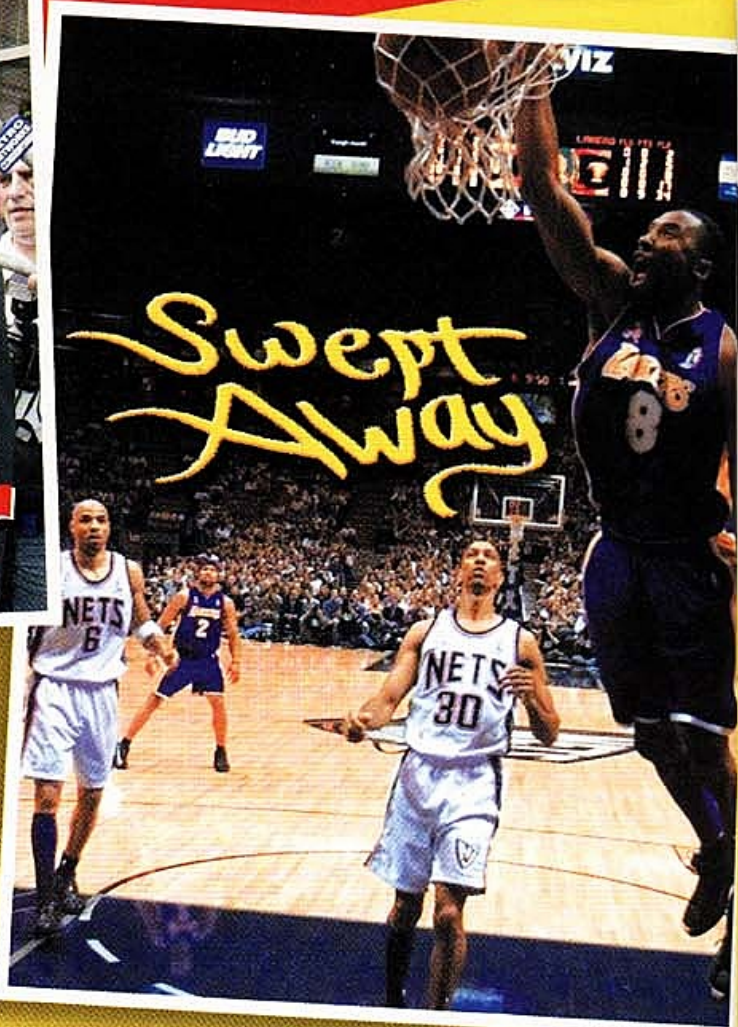
STOP THE INSANITY! GET MAD!!

MORE BUNK



Are the actions of the public influenced by the movies they see? On the other hand, doesn't art simply imitate life? And on another, unrelated hand, didn't we do this same article last year around this time? You can judge for yourself after reviewing...

2002:

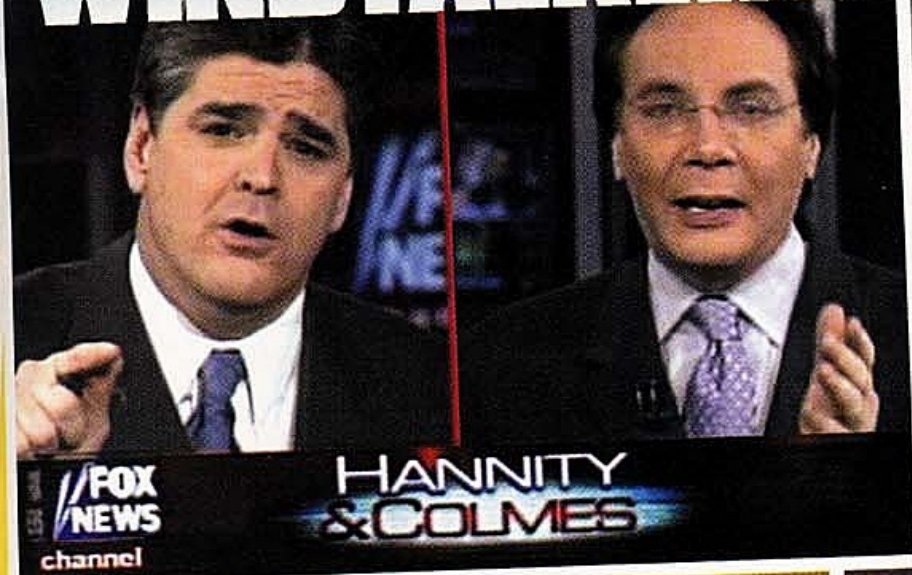


ATTACK OF THE CLONES



THE YEAR IN FILM

WINDTALKERS



ENOUGH



EIGHT LEGGED FREAKS



BAD COMPANY

PHOTOS: AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

A MAD LOOK AT

